MY IDEALED JOHN BULLESSES

Yoshio Markino

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MY IDEALED JOHN BULLESSES

A LITTLE PILGRIMAGE IN ITALY

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MY IDEALED JOHN BULLESSES

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BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON"

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INTRODUCTION

JOHN BULLESS is my home-made English for the English woman! It was such long, long ages ago when most of my worshipful John Bulless friends were not yet born, and I too was such a little kid, that my father went to Kobé or Yokohama (I forget which) and brought back a chromolithograph picture. So far as I remember, it was given him by some Dutch officer.

The picture was a portrait of a most beautiful girl of about eighteen. Her chestnut-coloured hair was divided in the middle and waved down on both sides of a well-formed white forehead. She opened her big round and blue eyes and looked a little sideway, while her crescent-like eyebrows came down nearly to the level of her eyelids. Her nose was short and high with such a nice form —perhaps a little turned up, what the Parisians call Le Nez Montmartre. Her rosy lips were broken with a sweet smile and showed her white teeth inside.

My father framed this picture and hanged it on Tokonoma. This was the very first European

picture of any sort to have invaded into my village. All the villagers used to come and beg us, "Please honourably allow us a glance upon that honourable foreign young lady." My father told every one of them, "You see this young lady is half naked, because she is going to have a bath." But now I know she was in an evening dress.

The men and women, young and old, rich and poor, all of them worshipped this picture. Some of them exclaimed, "Could it be possible that such a beautiful woman is existing in the same world where we live? Could she be an ordinary human? No, she must be either goddess or witch!" My father often said, "I am glad we haven't such a girl in our village, or else whole villagers would be turned into insane, through the girl!"

I myself was only six or seven, but I could not get away from this picture. It seemed to me this girl was always beckoning me, whenever I looked at it from distance, and I always went under the picture and bowed down to pay my homage to her.

A little later on, my house was almost bankrupted and I had to depart from my dear home. I don't remember what has become of this picture then. Anyhow, my life began so busy for studying as well as for struggling against my own poverty. At the same time I began to forget this picture altogether.

Strange to say, my childish impression on that picture has been strongly revived again ever since I came to England. Indeed, some John Bullesses are more beautiful than that picture, and moreover they have wonderful intelligence and Sweet Sympathy. I feel much flattered to be befriended by many of these John Bullesses.

My childish Ideal is realised by them at last! That is why I call this book *My Idealed John Bullesses*. My chapters will be exclusively about my own personal friends.

There are two ways to observe this world. One is to see everything all over, but very roughly. Those tourists often do this way when they travel all over the world in a short limited time. Another way is to limit the ground of observation, but to see every detail very carefully. I always choose the latter way. It is just like an astronomer surveying the sky from the inside of a well. He cannot observe the sky more than that circle of the size of the well. But the sun, the moon, and the stars which he sees from the well are the same sun, moon, and stars you see on the open field.

The British Empire is very large, while my own social circle is as small as the size of a well. I sincerely admit my observation is so narrow. The Reader, you may laugh at me. There must be many other kind women in England whom I so

unluckily have not yet met. But if any John Bulless has passed within my own small circle, I have never been too lazy to observe her. This is another reason why I call my book *My Idealed John Bullesses* and I dare not call it *All English Women.*

Generally I write down the full names of all my friends in my book. But exceptionally in this book I omit their names, for I know most of my John Bulless friends would be too much bashful if their full names were spoken, and that is the sweetest part of the woman's nature. How could I be so savage to injure their sweet nature ?

Only one thing I want to tell the reader. In this book, there will be no dummy figure or my own hypothesis whatever, but they are all sketches from the real living John Bullesses who are sisters to you.

When the above introduction appeared on *The English Review* some friends brought me a Press-cutting. It was a criticism on this preface. It ran thus :—

" *The English Review* publishes a quaint article by Mr. Yoshio Markino, who styles it 'My Idealed John Bullesses.' By this account Japanese men, and women also, feel an instinctive admiration for English beauty. Mr. Markino tells how his father

Some of
my John Bullets
Friends

obtained the portrait of a fair-haired girl, somehow, 'and all the villagers, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, worshipped this picture. Some exclaimed, "Is it possible that such a beautiful woman is existing in the same world where we live?"' This is very curious. Professor Karl Pearson will be interested. It is a practical refutation of his theory, worked out so minutely, with such surprising illustrations, that human instinct unconsciously obeys the law of 'like to like.' He admits that there are exceptions, as we all have observed; indeed, proverbial philosophy assumes that the law runs just the other way, and like seeks unlike. But no man who has studied Professor Pearson's facts and figures can believe this, at any rate. The Japanese people may be an exception. Upon the other hand, we distinctly recollect a lecture at the London Institution, some years ago, by a Japanese professor of eminence, who thoughtfully considered why his young countrymen studying here and in the United States were so long in recognising any beauty at all in the European type of womanhood. But perhaps they differ from the villagers. Again, however, Pierre Loti's frank description of 'Madame Chrysanthème's' anatomy forcibly suggests that men who admire that style could not possibly appreciate the very different formation of our countrywomen—putting face

aside. But we do not venture to form an opinion on a matter of which we have no experience."

My friend asked me seriously if I did write untruthful things about my villagers. I sighed and lamented bitterly. How some so-called sciences stupidify people, even till they begin to suspect the unvarnished truth! I have not read Professor Pearson's book yet, and I shall never read it either, for I hate reading books. However, I trust Professor Pearson to be a great scientist. I do not intend by any means to attack earnest scientists who are incessantly trying to discover the law of the nature. Sincerely I pay much respect to them. Only I am astonished that there are many people who do nothing but follow after the theory of a few books which they have read, and they ignore the true facts which are before their eyes. May I call these people "Second-Class Brains"? (If not Third-Class!) How much this class of people is giving damage against the progress of this world! Open the pages of History and see! Columbus would not have had the great difficulty to prepare his voyage of discovering America if only those Second-Class Brains had not interfered! Nor would there have been such a long, unnecessary bloody war between the Catholics and Protestants! I have not enough spare pages here to mention all those stupid troubles which were brought for-

ward by the Second-Class Brains. If I speak about those old histories which have shown the results plainly enough, everybody (even the Third-Class Brain) agrees and says, "Yes, yes, yes." But how many people are really recognising what the world is doing now? What cause is it making and what result is coming?

The Parliamentary system to decide everything by the majority of numbers sounds very fair, but suppose there is only one very rare First-Class Brain among nine other fools, how would the Parliamentary system act then?

The nine Blinds would push the one clear-sighted man into a ditch, and then they would drown themselves too. They will die without repenting. Only the people of a few centuries later will laugh at their ancestors, and they themselves will repeat the same foolishness again. I always say books ought to rescue those Second-Class Brains from their superstitions, but many books only harden their superstitious hearts even more instead.

Here I must give the reader an old story. Once upon a time there was a farmer who believed fox-story (some superstitious people thought the fox transfigured itself into a human). He had a walk in a lonely mountain, and met with a man. The farmer shouted in a trembling voice, "You fox! How dare you to annoy me like this?"

The man said, "I am not a fox. I am living in that village. So remember my face and come to my house to-morrow. You shall recognise me then. Here is my address. My name is——" "Shut up!" the farmer demanded. "You are ruining my faith in fox! Don't speak to me any more, but go into your hole!"

The next day that farmer told everybody that he had seen a fox transfigured into a man.

To me all those Second-Class Brain people are same with this farmer! Now and then I often hear people saying quite thoughtlessly, "West is West and East is East." I am much afraid when this word is impressed strongly into the Second-Class Brains they might bring out a great trouble in this world. That is to say, the war between the different races.

Even now somebody has already invented the word "yellow Peril." You cannot imagine how this word hurts my heart. Indeed this word itself is eventually inviting most critical bitterness against the Asiatics who are desiring to make a good friendship. Shall we have to see the blood of many innocent souls quite unnecessarily shed by this race question in the end? I wonder how long is this world playing such fool? I am earnestly expecting some great scientist to come out and classify us by Ethics and Humanity instead of by

the colours and shapes. He will find us out much same to each other, and there shall be a happy euphony all over the world.

Perhaps I need some little explanation here why my villagers admired that portrait of the European girl. Firstly, my villagers as well as myself worshipped Europe as the most civilised country. When one worships anybody or anything, of course it looks very nice to his or her eyes!

Secondly, we have a proverb in Japan, "Nice complexion conceals the other seven faults." We always look upon the white face as the greatest beauty. Even now I myself often have a severe discussion with my John Bulless friends when we talk about beauties, because I choose nicest skin, while they choose clear-cut features.

These two reasons are enough to have made my villagers worship that portrait.

When I came to England every John Bulless looked very beautiful. The difficulty for me was that I could not find out their weak points. There is a very good example to prove this. I went to the Earl's Court first year, and I was quite amazed with the English beauties. On the second year I noticed there were not so many beauties as the first year. The third year was still less. The fifth and sixth years were getting less and less. I asked one of my friends why. She laughed at

me and said, "The women there are always the same, only your eyes are getting sharper!"

I told this to several Japanese friends, and they all agreed with me. One of them said, "It is true that we cannot distinguish the English women from each other. But they all look only too beautiful to us!"

I myself have witnessed several painful cases in California where Japanese are not allowed to marry American women. Many Japanese fell into love with American women and were driven into insanity. That happened to two of my intimate friends. One committed suicide, while the other became quite insane, and he was sent to a lunatic asylum in Japan.

Another instance happened here. A Japanese married with a servant-girl, and he was as proud as if he married a peeress, in spite of the fact that he might easily marry a real peeress in his own country.

Once or twice I met with some Japanese who denied all English beauty. I believe if one tries the more to classify the taste of beauty, the more exceptions will spring out. After all, this sort of science is exactly like the English Grammar. Oh, how I have been horrified by its "exceptions"! No beauty-hunters or art-lovers could exist under any human-made narrow rule.

Just while I was writing this, one of my Japanese friends came into my room. I showed that cutting to him. He looked rather surprised, as he is a great admirer of John Bullesses, too. Next day he brought me the extra number of a Japanese magazine—*Nihon-no-Bijin*, or *The Beauty of Japan*.

The editor of the magazine seemed to have had interviews with all eminent professors, officers, and geishas and actors. Several of them claimed that there were no beauties in Japan as in Europe. Here I give the translation of a part of Mr. Gozo Noma's article, who believes Manchurians are the most beautiful in Asia.

"When I was living in Hokoman (a town in Manchuria) I noticed the women there are very tall, and their skin is so beautiful, almost like the European women. On the fête day when I saw those beautiful women walking I thought I was in Hyde Park in the season and watching the English ladies. . . ."

This is a very good medicine for the Second-Class Brains which are so easily hypnotised by a little scientific book.

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My Idealed John Bullesses

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

THE heart of this noisy and busy big London is very pure and most sacred! There all those little innocent John Bullesses (Bulls as well) go every day to breath the fresh air and to grow up naturally together with the sparrows, peacocks, ducks, and lambs.

When I arrived in London I found out her heart immediately. I was told that was called Kensington Gardens. The both sides of this heart are London's main arteries and veins. (I always call South Kensington side "arteries" because there red Hammersmith bus passes, and Paddington side "veins," because blue "Union Jack" bus passes there.) The motor-buses with their deafening sounds, taxis with their dazzling speed, the wagon-carts with their heavy wheels, and elegant private carriages and motors are incessantly flowing to and fro.

If you stop the circulation of the traffics in these arteries and veins, London cannot live. With some difficulty you can reach to the gates. But no sooner you step into the threshold, than you shall forget all the busy Metropolitan life! Whenever I go there I wonder how London could have such a sacred heart! I feel I am some hundreds miles away from the town. I admire the beautiful Serpentine Lake, and I love those benevolent old trees. But what fascinates me most are those little John Bullesses. Their merry ringing voices to call their nurses and comrades are sweeter than the nightingale's songs. Their snow-white pinafores and capes or their tinted velveteen frocks are prettier than the plumes of any tropical birds. Their curly locks, fresh vermilion lips, and milky skin are beautiful. Their witty, smiling eyes rob one's heart. Their innocence adds a greater delight to look at.

In the spring they crawl on the grasses to pick up tiny daisies. In the summer they play balls under the shade of the green foliage. In the autumn they chase after the falling leaves. In the winter they roll their hoops, keeping themselves warm in pretty furs.

Sweet, lovely, and charming all through the season. Our proverb says, "Sendan scatters its fragrance from the time of its coming out of the earth."

At Kensington Gardens

The heart of London, or Kensington Gardens, is the real living Paradise in this world to make one forget his daily care.

It was almost ten years ago, I had to begin my artist life, and my last penny was gone. I called on my worshipful school teacher, Mr. Wilson, at Vicarage Gate one morning. He was out. His servant told me he would be back four o'clock in the afternoon. Alas, I had to skip off my luncheon and wait. As Vicarage Gate was quite near to Kensington Gardens, I went there to spend the time. And watching those gay little John Bullesses, I had quite forgotten my hunger. Ever since I have been most frequent visitor there, whenever I felt down-hearted. And every time I was quite cheered up. We have saying in Japan, "Even the Buddha's face, three times is enough to see!" This sounds very untrue in the case with those little John Bullesses. For I have been there very often for last thirteen years, but I never get tired, nay, on the contrary, the more I see, the more I love. Children (or baby John Bullesses) are just like well-polished mirrors. If you smile on them, they will return you their smiles at once. And if you give them unpleasant countenance, they copy the same countenance immediately and droop their heads down. When you open your heart they come and talk to you, and they make you their

friend without hesitation. But no sooner than you suspect them, they would run away from you without making any courtesy. O, how beautiful is their nature!

The grown-up people are not so. Although I am always quite open-hearted, I am suspected by them often, and very often I wonder when have they lost their beautiful nature? Perhaps it is not their fault. This wicked world is making them suspicious. I always tell them, "Go to Kensington Gardens and receive the great lesson from those little John Bullesses." Is it not what Christ said, "Kingdom of heaven is children's?"

How foolish I am to think that I see the same little John Bullesses there every year! I have quite forgotten that they are growing fast. Fancy, those little ones whom I saw first time must be quite grown-up ladies now! It is hard for me to believe that. How are they grown? is my constant question. I always sincerely wish that they are growing easily and comfortably without injuring their beautiful childish nature.

To me the English babies add one more charm to their beauty. That is, they don't cry much. All my Japanese friends agree with me. How very often have I heard my Japanese friends say, "Why, the English babies don't cry at all!" We were simply wondering about it until I met with an

Englishman who visited Japan for a year. He said to me, "How wonderful that Japanese babies never cry!" This word entirely destroyed my own logic upon the English baby's quietness! I said to him, "What? What are you talking about? You don't know the inner side of the Japanese families then!" Whereupon he repeated the same to me, "You don't know the English family life at all." Now I learnt that the English babies must cry.

However, I rebuilt my logic again. That Englishman was in Japan only for a year, while I have been in England for nearly fourteen years. So I believe I have seen the English life more than he has seen the Japanese life. Surely the English babies cry fourteen times less than the Japanese babies. I am talking about those under the middle class in which I have been living here.

Certainly the babies of the upper class in England as well as in Japan would not cry much. For they are well looked after by the excellent nurses. If one travelled inland of Japan he should see those farmers' babies cry terribly. Here is a very old Japanese song quite familiar in my village and it shows the poor farmer's busy life :—

Ame wa furu furu
Takimono 'a mureru
Uchija Ko ga naku
Hi ga kureru.

(The rain begins to fall, the rain begins to fall, so the kindling wood will be wet.
Inside the house the baby is crying,
While outside the sun is sinking.)

I have not seen this sort of life in Greenwich, New Cross, Kensal Rise, and all other poor districts where I have been.

It was not long after I came to London that I met with an unfortunate young John Bulless. She was about twenty-two or twenty-three. She married with a Greek tobacconist. They lived happily together only for eight months, when the former wife of that tobacconist came from Greece. It was such a great shock for that poor innocent John Bulless. Her tender nature would not allow herself to appear in the court. She simply ran away. A baby-girl was born two months later. Now the poor mother had to work as a housemaid to earn the living of both herself and her baby. I was, in some way, connected with the house where she was working. As I always listen with all my sympathy to one's sad life, this girl used to tell me all her unfortunate life. She was so attached to her baby. She said to me, "My mistress is very kind and allows me to leave the house 11 p.m., and she does not want me until 6.30 next morning. You see, although I am working like this now, it is nice to think I am free in the

night. I have a little room near by where I keep my baby, and I feel happy to caress her all night."

My heart was much moved with this pathetic girl. Poor girl! She felt "nice to think" that she was free only from 11 p.m. to 6.30 a.m. for caressing her baby! I sincerely wished that I could help her to make all days free for her, but I myself was far too poor to assist her materially, and she seemed quite comforted with my only mental sympathy.

One Sunday afternoon she wanted me to see her baby in Kensington Gardens. I waited on a bench for a few minutes, then I saw her coming in from one of the gates. She carried her baby in a shabby, clumsy wooden cart. She told me she bought it for 10s. 6d., which I gave her as a little Christmas present. And she said she was very proud of it. I begged her not to talk any more about the cart, for I felt a great pain in my heart. I saw her baby in a very shabby little dress, though neat it was! But baby herself was such a jolly and pretty one! She was about eighteen months then. Whenever other children passed by, this baby always greeted every one of them with a happy smile. I thought how innocent that poor baby was! She did not know anything of her own life. She must feel she is the same with the others. But suddenly most beautiful little

John Bulless appeared in the distance. She was coming with a well-dressed nurse. I saw this little stranger clad in snow-white velveteen with ermine cap and muff. She and her nurse passed by my baby friend. I noticed immediately the expression of my poor baby friend was changed. I am sure she was rather depressed seeing the luxuries of her stranger comrade! With such curiosity and earnestness she bit her finger and twisted her neck quite round back. Has she already learnt a great lesson about the real meaning of this world now? I was wondering about it very deeply. The mother did not seem to understand it, and I dare not tell her what I was thinking; but I could not say good-bye to them until I saw the little one recognised her mother's face and began to smile again.

Nine or ten years have passed since, and as I myself had to go through a hard time, I have entirely lost the sight of this poor mother and daughter, but I am always thinking what have become of them now.

So-called "English hypocrisy" is well known all over the world. At least I myself have heard about it ever so often, and strange to say that I hear that from the English themselves more than from any other foreigners.

They are always grumbling, "We can't do that

. . . we can't do this for the English public, because we are very 'hypocrite' nation!" Ah, it is true that you cannot do anything you like as in some other country. And I have often met with English hypocrites. Indeed, they *are* hypocrites. They do all sorts of wickedness in the dark, and they walk as quite innocent and respectable gentlemen in the broad daylight.

I sincerely hate these personalities. But as the whole effect on the social life, I am rather grateful to some hypocrites. I mean especially for the sake of young children. About two thousand years ago a Chinese philosopher exclaimed, "Nowadays everybodies are calling themselves 'sages,' but who knows the male and female of crows?" Indeed, it is as difficult to distinguish the sage and hypocrite as to distinguish the male and female of crows.

So those simple-minded children believe everybody is the sage and they can grow quite innocent. Where else in this world could we find such innocent children as in England? In the other countries where people are not so hypocrite, some wicked people are talking and acting in most disgusting matter before the children, consequently the children begin to know too much of undesirable things in their early life.

There it is impossible to expect such pure and

innocent soul as "The Pride of Village" which Washington Irving described in his *Sketchbook*. I did almost suspect that when I read it in Japan.

But here in England I am always meeting with delightfully innocent young John Bullesses. It is not too much to call them living angels.

Before I conclude this chapter let me give the reader a sketch of some young John Bulless sisters whom I know quite well.

Some twenty years ago, in a little town of the Midlands there were two little sister John Bullesses. Their ages were only one year different. They were taken into an open country by their nurse every day, and they enjoyed a breezy day best, for they were so fond of chasing after the fallen leaves or pieces of paper. They would run miles to catch them. But sometimes they could not because those leaves were often blown over the fences. Here the younger little John Bulless would start her fairy tale. "Don't you see, that leaf was the spirit of some prince. Now he has gone away on his adventures round the world." The little fairy-tale maker was very earnest to tell the tale, making her big round eyes ever so shining, which met with still more earnest eyes of the elder listener.

The latter would beg her little sister not to end the tale too soon, so that it would continue all the

way home. Sometimes the tale was not half finished when they reached home and had supper.

They used to sleep side by side in a very large room. They were so frightened to make noise, for their governess would come and scold them if they did not sleep immediately. Therefore the earnest listener always asked her younger tale-teller to whisper the continuation of the fairy story to her ear. Thus they went on until late in night.

Who knows this little story-teller John Bulless is a real genuine writer now!

I learnt this much of her childhood life from her sister. As I wanted to know more, I asked her to tell me about her life. She only laughed and said, "Yes, I used to tell much lie!"

Her modestness made me feel it was hopeless to ask any more, so I ventured myself to write to her sister and ask. In a fortnight time I received the answer thus :—

"You know that after my eldest sister came myself, and then M——, the third child, you see, born with many gifts on Mayday. There were many years before my little brother and younger sister came, so that they did not count very much in her childhood. M—— and I had a governess to live with us and teach us. We loved each other very dearly. Even in those early days I naturally

and without question or desire looked up to her opinion and followed her lead. She was always so clever at suggesting new games to play, new stories to tell, new ideas to think about.

"Do you picture us then? Toddling through those early years hand in hand, very contented with each other, living in a world of the imagination suggested by M——, and, I am afraid, nearly always hating other children who didn't understand our play. . . . As we grew up we were always together at home and college. When we came home and put our hair up M—— was never happy. She often used to tell me she would go. That always made me sad.

"At last my father had to go a voyage to South Africa for his health and M—— went too, to look after him. . . . When she came back we used to spend many hours talking of what she had seen and done, and of the thoughts she had discussed. And I could tell the voices of the Big Things were calling to her.

"So our paths at last divided, and she plunged into the dark forest of the Unknown, where there are so many beautiful flowers to be found, but where also there are many stones to cut the feet.

"I feel I have told her story poorly, not showing all the truth and sweetness of her personality; but I think your knowledge of her may colour my grey

ROLLER SKATING.

descriptions. . . . Only to a great friend of hers should I have written this."

When I read this letter I was much moved in tears, and quite absent-minded for a whole hour. We say in Japan, "Searching oyster-shells we find out a pearl incidentally." Indeed, I only wanted to know the early life of my John Bulless friend, and I found out another great lesson! It was about sister's love of the John Bullesses. The writer herself might very easily not be thinking while she was writing this, but there in her every word I see the brightest ethic—her sisterly love!

I have read it over and over again. The more I read, the more my heart is struck. Especially there is the genuine truth in these lines: "Where there are so many beautiful flowers to be found, but where also there are many stones to cut the feet." Indeed, I have noticed very often that even the charming and beautiful John Bulless has to cut her feet in this world. About this I shall talk more in the later chapter. Anyhow, at the present moment I cannot stop my exclamation how sweet is the sister's love! Strangers generally look on the matter differently. If one gets fame or wealth, the others always become very jealous of her. Only the sisters have sympathy enough to look this world quite transparently and recognise the difficult part at once.

Reading this letter, some ancient Chinese odes came into my mind unconsciously :—

Look at those mayflowers in millions.
Is there any calyx without its blossom?
So the human beings in this world
Have nothing better than their sisters and their brothers.
In the hour of death and mourning
Only the sisters and the brothers understand each other.

In this life like hills and valleys
Only the sisters and the brothers seek each other.
Water-wagtails[1] are in the field,
But when the sisters and the brothers are in danger
Friends would only sigh.

Though the sisters and the brothers may fight inside their fence,
From the outside danger they protect each other.
And though you may have friends they would not help you.

[1] Water-wagtails. The ancient Chinese believed these birds to have strong family affection, and thought that if one died the others would not survive it for long.

CHAPTER II

SPORT AND DANCING

I KNOW so little of John Bullesses as school girls. Do they object to see such a foreigner like myself? It is awfully strange to say all my English friends are always willing to introduce me to their daughters, and these daughters are either under ten years of their age, or above eighteen. None of my friends has a daughter between ten and eighteen. I wonder if the John Bullesses jump from ten years old right up to eighteen immediately? I don't think so, because I see so many girl schools, and there abundant girls are studying. I fear that the Britannia is forbidding me to meet her school girls! However, I met with one school girl in San Francisco. Both her parents went to live there from England. Therefore I must call her a John Bulless. She was about sixteen or seventeen, and I was working in her house as a servant. I admired immensely about her earnestness for her school lessons. It was her only work to understudy the school books every evening. She had many elder sisters and

a brother. They all were quite grown up. One evening her parents and sisters made a theatre party. They were going to a theatre, leaving this poor school girl alone at home. She seemed a little depressed. She sighed, "So you are all going now?" She said this with a quite sad voice.

Her mother said to her, "But, my dear child, aren't you interested with your school work?"

Immediately she brightened her eyes and said, "Oh, mamma, we had such a difficult problem of geometry to-day, none of us could serve it. The teacher said she will wait until to-morrow, when we ought to serve it. I am going to work it out to-night! I am quite excited! Good-night to you all!"

I said to myself, "What a lucky mother who is to have such a good-natured daughter! Ah, she deserves it, for she has educated her daughter in that way!"

I paid much respect to both of them.

I know nothing more about the other school girls' home life. But I have very often seen them playing all sorts of sport on the open air. It just happened that when I had a walk in Clapham Common some years ago, I saw many school girls playing the Hockey there. It was the first time I ever saw that game. I was much surprised with their activity. I said, "Now I see why people

John Bull's Playing

often call their young John Bullesses 'Lamb'! Because they are hopping, jumping, and kicking the ground, like those baby sheep."

But I was told that was not the reason. They were called "Lamb" because they are tender!

"Tender?" I screamed.

However, when I saw those beautiful and charming faces in their curly locks, I could not deny the word "Tender."

No woman in this world is so fond of the outdoor sports as the John Bullesses. I noticed its result upon them immediately when I came to England. Now let me write my first impression about the John Bullesses. They looked to me bigger than the Japanese women, of course. But much smaller than the Californians. Anyhow, I thought, their figures are more well built. Their muscles are perfectly developed. One of my Japanese friends told me the same opinion. He has been all over the world. He said, "Comparing the English women with others, I find out the former's meat looks much harder."

It is all through their daily exercises outdoors. Consequently there is a strange contrast between West and East. In England the daughters of good families have all sorts of outdoor exercises, therefore "their meat is harder," as my friend says, and they are sunburnt, while the poorer-class girls

are paler and softer, because they are obliged to work in shops or at home, and are not exposed to the sun much. And their exercises are not enough to develop their muscles thoroughly. Of course I know the laundress or charwomen have over-developed brachialis and trapezius.

In Japan it is reverse. The poorer-class girls go outdoors a great deal, and their manners are more or less rough. So they are dark and strong, while the better-class girls stay in the house, and their pastime life is to write poetries, or do tea-ceremonies, flower-arrangement, etc. etc. Therefore they are paler and more delicate.

Of course this impression of mine is that of when I was in Japan some eighteen years ago, and the girl's education has been much changed since I left my country. To my delight, I hear the better-class Japanese girls are getting to be fond of the outdoor exercises too.

When I was in Paris some French ladies laughed at the John Bullesses' outdoor game, and said, "It seems to us so foolish to go out to the field and chase after all sorts of tiny balls every day. We don't see much pleasure in that. It's too childish and too laughable. We prefer to go to *café* and have gay time."

I said to them, "I am very sorry for your own sake that you are not interested with the sports.

Well, hockey may be 'too foolish,' golf may be 'too silly,' and tennis may not be interesting for you. Permitting all your own logic, how is about your health ? Indeed, it is the question about the health, not only physically, but mentally too. If you go to the open field, you shall always be in contact directly with the Nature. You hear how sweetly those innocent birds are singing. You see how beautifully those meadow flowers are blossoming. Those trees give refreshing green foliage in spring, and once more they turn into magnificent golden leaves in autumn. Everything you are observing there is pure and sacred. And you yourselves are unconsciously converted into purity by the Nature."

The age of the school girls is most dangerous time in the life. Their heart is most sentimental, and a bud of some romance is growing inside. They may be easily tempted. To pass this period of their life is just as difficult as to pass a steel pin between the two limbs of a magnet. On both sides, nay, all round them, temptations are attracting them with some magnetic power.

I know personally many women in the other countries who have been entirely infatuated at their youthful time, and some time they have too high ethic to be ruined, then they generally get into melancholy fit. The reason is simple. Because

they are shut indoors all the time. If they lack their exercise at their growing age, of course their minds become too sensitive. I sincerely contribute much of my estimation towards the John Bullesses who so wisely know how to pass their important time of life. That is why they are pure and sacred. I must say their gain is very great both ethically as well as physically. When the woman is physically strong her nation shall be strong. When the woman is ethically strong her nation shall be very virtuous. The woman is the backbone of the country.

If I see very high moral country, I always credit it as the result of the woman's behaviour. For men are fraud all over the world. Almost every man is searching the woman's weak point to take his advantage. I wonder how many men in this world are really pure and sacred! It is the women who are controlling the passions, both of men's as well as of themselves.

It seems to me that in England almost everybody is extremely fond of dancing. I often asked the John Bullesses, "Do you like dancing?" Their eyes start to shine brilliantly. Their mouths begin to break into a sweet smile. Before they give me their verbal answer I read in their faces how fond of the dance they are. Therefore I shall write about the English dancing now.

My very first impression on European dancing

was not at all favourable. When I was about fourteen or fifteen, the society people in Tokio organised the European ball. The public opinion was very noisy. Many loyal Conservative critics attacked the idea and lamented that the ball is too immoral for Japanese.

It was this time that Mr. Shiro Shiba published a book called *Tokai-no-Kajin*, or *The Lady of the Eastern Sea*. In this book he described that he was walking along the Sacred Sea shore at the bottom of Fuji Mountain. He was so tired, and he rested himself under a benevolent pine tree. Suddenly he heard a very holy tune above the sky, and a most graceful and beautiful goddess descended from the heaven. She was bitterly lamenting about the present society people in her divine country. Then the goddess showed him the real ancient Japanese dance, which was so graceful and dignified.

When she finished her dancing she bid farewell to him, saying she could no longer live in such a dirty country where people began to imitate the barbarious foreign dancing.

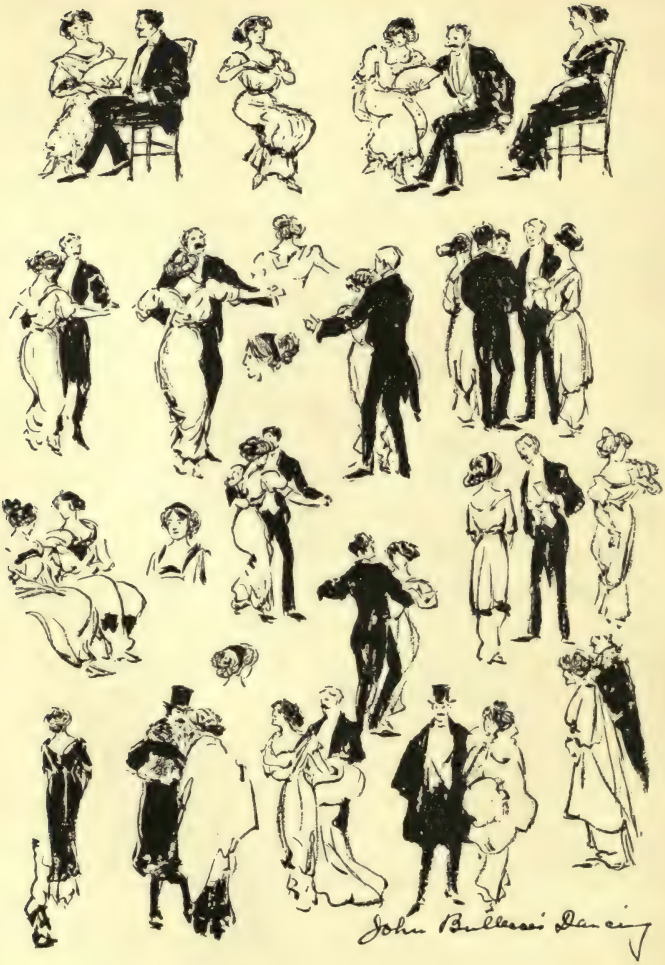
I read this book over and over again, and I was much impressed, especially because I was in a missionary college at the time, and I used to see those missionaries were kissing each other's mouth in front of the public, and I was rather shocked.

One day I saw an illustration of the ball in some Japanese paper. I was most surprised. "What? Those half-naked women embracing the man tightly, and twisting themselves round and round? You savage Barbarians! Even the dogs behave themselves better than you!"

I spat on the picture.

"Oh, you Westerners, how you dare call yourself 'the civilised nation,' and look down on us, the sacred nation, as a barbarious country?"

But when my temper was more or less calmed I began to think that "anyhow it is the fact that Europe is civilised. They do most wonderful things which we cannot. I really don't understand about the ball."

I had then a worshipped Japanese professor to whom I used to tell everything. I asked his opinion about the European dancing. He smiled and said to me, "Pray don't prejudge everything with your babishly narrow mind! Don't you know we have saying, 'If you go to the different lands you see different stars'? What we think very vulgar may be very sacred to the others. I hear some black people in Central Africa keep their sacred day by killing as many souls as they can in front of their gods. If you ask them they will give you their own reason in it, and say they are quite right. I myself feel just the same way with

John Bellairs Dancing

you about the ball. That is to say, they seem very vulgar to me. But surely they think themselves quite right. Once, the Westerners were savage. That they all agree. Then there may be many customs which have been handed down from their savage days. Only their spirits are changed into the civilisation. Ourselves have many instances of this sort of custom. For instance, look at the men's evening dress. The history of its origin was simply shocking. But now not only the Westerners, but we too wear it, and we have not a slightest shame about it. On the contrary, we feel much dignified by wearing it. I feel almost sure that the origin of the European dancing might have been indescribably vulgar, but now it may be nothing but the grace.

"Nowadays the Ambassadors and many hon. guests from all the foreign countries are stationing themselves in our country. And it is our utmost etiquette to entertain them. The European ball may be most necessary.

"Who knows that some day dancing may become our own custom? Don't you know about the smoking? When the Portuguese brought tobacco to our country several hundred years ago there was a great indignant feeling in our country. Indeed, more than once, the national law prohibited the smoking. But to-day our nation is one of the

greatest smokers. Tobacco is no longer foreign, but our own.

"Everything is like that. Strange is the custom of each nation!"

I sighed—"Ha, ha . . . ! um . . . m! Very well! I shall start to dance too! I don't object to squeeze and twist these half-dressed girls round every night!"

"No, no, no!" the professor shouted. "I do object you. You wait patiently and follow after the customs which become common to all the nations. Until then you dare not!"

Such was my impression when I was a boy in Japan.

Then I went to San Francisco, where I was absolutely excluded from the white people because I was a Japanese. Besides, my extreme poverty would not allow me to think about dancing. What was going on among the society people there? I had no chance to inspect.

But when I came to London and stayed in a lodging-house in Greenwich there were two little John Bullesses in the house. One was eleven and the other nine. They both told me they were very fond of dancing.

". . . ?" I glared at them with surprise. "What? You dance?"

"Yes, Mr. Markino, we always dance at our school."

I was far more than surprised, and said to myself, "Such tiny John Bullesses are dancing! And the school allows them to dance?"

Christmas arrived within a few weeks since I came to London. One day I saw in the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News* (I forget which) that the Lord Mayor had given a children's ball at the Mansion House. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" I said, looking at the illustration with curiosity.

The landlord of the house was staring at me above his eyeglasses. He was an old man of about sixty. "Mr. Markino, are you interested with the English dancing? Do you like dancing?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "So with me. I am very fond of dancing."

I philosophied myself—"What? Little kid of nine said she liked dancing, and here an old man of sixty says he likes the dance too!"

I was quite puzzled.

The old landlord seemed as if he had read all my puzzlings. He said, "You see, Mr. Markino, in England everybody likes dancing. Young and old, rich and poor, all are the same."

I put another question on him.

"And with whom do you dance? I suppose with your wife, or some old men?"

He said, "Not quite necessarily!"

"Do you dance with some young ladies?"

"Yes, I am delighted to dance with them!"

I could not utter a single word by my amaze! "What a madly flirting nation they are!" I thought, "it seems to me they flirt until their death!"

Quite lately, say since three or four years ago, I have been fortunate enough to be befriended by some quite aristocratic John Bullesses. One day the topic of our conversation turned about the dance. I asked them, "So you are going to dancing to find out your future husbands?"

"Sir!" they scolded me. "How dare you behave yourself so vulgar before us!"

I laugh at myself. It was awfully funny that I myself wanted to put upon them that question, "How dare you behave yourself so vulgar!" And now it was reverse all round the other way, and this question was befallen upon me from their mouth instead. However, they explained to me that dancing is one of the most refined and graceful arts, and there is no other meaning!

I was much ashamed of myself. All my suspicions like a dark cloud was cleared out, and bright sunlight (or electric light, rather) is shining whenever I see the dancing. Many thanks to my John Bulless friends to convince me at last!

Nowadays I often meet with some of my Japan-

ese friends in London. We often talk about the English dancing. As usual and natural to them, the questions spring out whether the dancing is immoral or not. One of them asked me, "Do you agree with the dancing?"

"Yes," I reply. "In England. You may dance with the John Bullesses. But with Japanese women I don't know. It all depends on what state of mind they have! Don't you see those John Bullesses? They are mixed with boys from their early life. They are trained admirably pure and sacred! They are just like the electric wire covered with insulating medium. Perhaps they may have a strong electricity of the passionate love inside of their heart, but they are quite safe. You shan't feel their electricity by dancing. Their insulating medium is the British patent! You are a merchant, you know too well how safe and sure are all the British patented goods. So with the John Bullesses. They begin their dance no sooner than they can walk, and dance until they die. It is only a beautiful national feast. If we want to dance in our country, first of all we must prepare insulating medium to cover ourselves absolutely well, otherwise the dancing is dangerous, for we might be easily drowned into the silliest infatuation!"

About the duration of the dancing, I don't know

whether English custom is good or bad. It seems to me too long altogether. Wouldn't those young John Bullesses and Bulls suffer their health by dancing whole night until the next morning? Perhaps not, if they are perfectly happy. For the happiness is the best medicine for our life. But here I want to say something between West and East. I often hear from some John Bullesses the question on the Japanese theatre, "Don't you think it is too long that the Japanese theatre should go on the plays for the duration of six or eight hours?"

In reply to this question I ask the John Bullesses, "Isn't your dance too long? And besides, remember our Japanese theatre opens on the daytime, while you dance all night."

You shall have to come to the conclusion of my logic. If the Japanese playgoers feel happy to see the long play, they don't think it is too long as you imagine. Anyhow, the English dancing and the Japanese theatre are both too long for myself. Only the thing that I can bear quite happily for more than eight hours is to sleep in bed!

It was a few nights before the last Christmas Eve that my friend H—— took me to the dance at the "Empress's." I was delighted to see many jolly and charming John Bullesses and Bulls together enjoying their gay pastime. But to tell the

At the Ballet

truth frankly, I was disappointed with one thing. That was about the new-fashioned dresses. With the skirts tight up at the bottom. I always call it a mermaid dress. Well, I do not always oppose against this mermaid dress. It is very nice to see one in this dress from front. Indeed, it is very pretty to see tiny shoes peeping out from very tight and small bottom of the skirt. The back view is not absolutely bad, and the side view is rather too stiff. It is not quite ugly when they are sitting. But about dancing, I dislike it. Some John Bulless told me it was rather difficult to dance in a mermaid dress, while another said, it was more comfortable than a full skirt for dancing. Of course, I don't know anything about dancing. But while you are dancing you don't see how yourself look! And I must say, do just what you like best and enjoy yourselves. I am only talking as a bystanding observer. A few years ago I saw an illustration of the ball at the Buckingham Palace in some weekly paper. All the ladies of the Court wore the full skirt, and the picture showed their beautiful twist. To my eyes nothing could be more graceful than those ladies' movements in the dance. I was anticipating to see that grace at the Empress's the other evening. That was why I was desperately disappointed. Those John Bullesses in the mermaid skirts were just like wet mice when they

danced. Sometimes when a small lady danced with a tall man she looked like a wet cloth stuck on a stick after the flood is over. I stayed there about a few minutes and bid good-bye to my friend H—— because I found nothing much to make a graceful picture.

Now about the fashions, my worshipful John Bullesses, why do you always mock after the French fashions? Of course the French women are most wonderful about their taste, and I always admire them in the fashion of their own designs. They know perfectly well what dresses suit them best. But surely their designs don't suit every John Bulless. (I must admit some John Bullesses dress up the French fashion wonderfully well.) First of all their figures are different. Talking generally, the French women have higher shoulders. Their chests are pushed forward like pigeons, and their hips go back. In one word, their appearance is very feminine. Perhaps their spirits are very feminine too. On the other hand, you John Bullesses have gracefully long necks, and your shoulders are much sloping down. You are more like those Greek goddesses. And your spirits are not at all so feminine as the French. You are much interested in literature, science, and art, or even eager on the high political question. You are so pure and sacred. Then why don't you create some graceful

dresses especially for yourselves to show your own dignity? I frankly tell you, too much feminine fashions don't suit you at all. You look rather vulgar, which is not your nature at all.

Once Confucius had a walk with his few scholars. A farmer boy was singing thus: "When the water of this streamlet is clean, I wash my face in it. When the water of this streamlet is muddy, I wash my feet in it!"

Confucius said to his scholars, "My children, do you hear what that boy is singing? If the water is clean he will wash his face, and if it is muddy he will wash his feet. It is not only the water, but we, the human beings, are all the same. According to our conditions, the people would come to us in a different way." I think it is so with your dresses. To keep your own dignity, you need to think much how to dress yourselves, surely your dresses do some effect on your own mind too!

Here may I say a few words about another kind of dancing? It is the Ballet. I am extremely fond of them. I go to the Empire or the Alhambra as often as I can. It is not too exaggerating to say that the ballet is one of the elements which attract me to live in London.

Many of those lower middle-class people are shocked at me. They exclaim at me, "What?

You have been at the Empire or Alhambra to-night?" They shudder their shoulders. They tremble at me.

This I don't understand at all. I sincerely think the ballet dancing is one of the greatest arts. Mr. Wilhelm, the designer of the Empire ballet, is a great friend of mine. He is one of the most sincere and serious men I have ever met, and I appreciate the Empire ballet still more since I know him. He takes a great trouble and care to produce a ballet, which shows his utmost fine art.

Why then those lower middle-class people deny this beautiful and graceful art? Those who shudder their shoulders for the Empire or Alhambra often go to some suburban music-halls. Once or twice I went to one of them. That time I was really disgusted. Some singers sang most vulgar and immoral songs. The parents and their children could not listen to those songs together, if they have ethical sense enough. To me, the ballet is golden cloud while those songs are dirty mud. And I am absolutely incomprehensible about those lower middle-class people!

CHAPTER III

SOCIAL LIFE

Chopping wood—"To, To" (the sound of axe),
Singing bird—"Ho, ho" (their singing voices),
Coming out from the gloomy dark valley,
He flies to the top of the high trees.
"Ho—Ho," thus he sings.
He sings to search his mate.
Look at that bird!
Even the bird searches his mate;
How could we humans, then, live without hope?
The Heaven above hears our voice.
It shall sympathise with us,
And we shall be at ease.

(SHIKYO, the ancient Chinese Odes.)

THUS, the human beings used to be anxious of getting companions to marry some three thousand years ago. And so we are to-day. The human love is not science; it is neither progressing nor improving by the age of this world. Therefore some were already very graceful thousands years ago, while some are still very ugly even now. Indeed, we see too often some very ugly news on every day's paper. They ought to be ashamed before the other animals, which are always obeying to their own nature. The wickedness of the

humans is to mislead their love in unnatural ways: wild beasts with human faces are living everywhere in this world. Now leaving this question aside, so-called "civilisation" often leads the union of the different sexes into some conventionality, and one who has sincere etiquette always obeys to this conventionality. But each nation has different conventions. In the oriental country—China or Japan—we believed that the proper way to marry was to be fixed by the parents. Confucius or Mencius often said, "How to marry? Ask your parents' opinion first of all." To violate this law meant to be "savage." I, myself, was born in such a country.

The free marriage by love is certainly primitive idea. But England, without being drowned in any conventions, has carried out this primitive idea into the civilisation, for which I pay much of my admiration.

(Of course there are abundant examples of the failure of free marriage, but their causes are not through the real English civilisation.)

Let me now write what different effects the women of West and East have through these different customs. The fixed marriage by parents makes the girls' life something like officers' or clerks', who live on their regular salary; and the free marriage makes her life like the proprietors

Mino muslin
Butterfly inside
Success
failure
Her chest & her head & her figure
picking up an old hat & wear
Natural History
on John Bullesque
must try on
Every thing

of some unlimited firms. When one is settled in the position of regular salary, he is no longer so keen on business. Therefore even very lively persons often get into a quite dull temperament. When one starts to invest all his money in an unlimited firm, he immediately becomes very sharp on his business matters. Therefore, even very dull persons become quite plucky.

The marriage is exactly same. The oriental girls are entirely relying upon their parents, and they are not so keen to improve their personality or appearance. In one word, they are indifferent. John Bullesses are quite reverse. Their system of the purely free marriage makes them alert, and it comes out in their appearance, consciously as well as unconsciously. As the good merchants always do much advertisement, so the John Bullesses always try to be nice and charming.

Talking generally, the human faces are not perfect, for the facial muscles never work even all over, and the result is that one eye is smaller than the other, and one side cheek is fuller than the other side. To my great surprise John Bullesses know their own faces more accurately than most artists. I experienced this ever so often. I asked a John Bulless to let me sketch her left profile, and she immediately said to me, "No, no, Mr. Markino, that is the worst side of my face!"

I looked at her face, and after studying very carefully, I found out there was such a minute difference which was too slight to observe. I said to myself, "What a dreadful country I have come to! Those John Bullesses know their faces too accurately. I shall never become a portrait painter in this country." And I am glad to say I did not.

However, I don't mean to be angry with the John Bullesses now. On the contrary, I am very grateful, for I can study the real human beauty through them, and I am enjoying it immensely.

Some time ago I saw a little John Bulless looking at the mirror and smiling and laughing all the time. I asked her what she was doing. She told me she was studying how to smile to make herself look prettiest. "! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ?" That was my answer to her! Indeed, John Bullesses are always making my mouth silent by over-surprising.

About three or four years ago, it was just the time when they had a new fashion of the hair-dressing, to put a plenty stuff of the false hairs and carry out the hair over the brim of the hat, I saw the illustration of this hair-dress in some paper, and very next day I took the underground train from High Street, Kensington, to South Kensington Station. There was a young lady sitting opposite me, and she had already this very latest fashion. So I looked at her head, and no

sooner my eyes were focussed on her hair than she raised up her hand and patted it. It was quicker than the lightning. I wondered if my eyes and her hand had only one nerve common to each other! Such a wisdom of self-beautifying art is very little known among the Japanese girls. Let me tell you more about their differences.

If you give some flowers to a Japanese girl, she would carry them home and put them in flower vases. But if you give flowers to John Bulless, she would wear them immediately. It is not only flowers that John Bullesses want to wear. If I wear my national costume and pay a visit upon some John Bullesses, every one of them always wants to wear my haori (or overcoat). It is very well with haori for them. But once a John Bulless wanted to try on my hakama (a sort of skirt). I put it out for her. Immediately she put it on over her head. As you know, hakama looks very much like skirt, but it is divided in the middle. It is more like trousers, only the both sides are quite full. That John Bulless was entangled with hakama, and I had to release her breathing by pulling off hakama from her head. Until this time I did not know that ladies put on their skirt over their head. It was an amazingly new lesson for me.

One evening lately I visited on one of my young John Bulless friends. Her uncle brought

a large box in which he was keeping all his curio collections. He put it on a table and took out those curios one after another, and explained me the histories of all articles. I was very interested, but suddenly I recollected about the young John Bulless. Where was she? I saw her sitting the opposite side of the table so quietly, and she was very busy to try to wear every curio—even the sealing stamps or snuff-boxes! She was trying them on her hair, then on her neck, on her chest, and on her belt, on every part of her body, and she seemed more interested than to have talk with me. Indeed, the John Bullesses want to wear everything—metals, stones, animals' skins, dead leaves, and dead birds. I would not be surprised if they picked up a dead snake on a field and wore it on themselves. So far as I remember, some John Bullesses used to wear some living lizards about a few years ago.

It cannot be helped. For it is their inborn nature that they want to wear everything which is within the reach of their hands. They are exactly like those little babies who always try to put everything into their mouths. Unless the nurse looked after them I don't know what would they do in the end! I am not joking at all. For more than once I noticed that some of my John Bulless friends took out a flower from a vase and wore

Shopping.

it immediately. If I did not make her wait and wipe the water on the stem, she should spoil her best new dress. Once I said to her, "What would you say to me if I myself splash a drop of water on your dress? I do wish I were the flowers!"

When I was in Greenwich, I took out that little John Bulless friend to Greenwich Park. We came out to the heath outside the park, and this little John Bulless saw a very, very old hat thrown away in a bush. She immediately took off her own cap and put that dirty old hat on her head, and said to me, "How do I look, Mr. Markino?" I scolded her not to be so naughty. But in fact I was struck very much by her beauty. She looked perfectly sweet under that dirty hat. It seems to me anything would suit John Bullesses so well. No wonder why they want to wear everything! When I think about this the poetry by a Japanese philosopher comes into my mind—"Whether it is fine or cloudy, Fuji Mountain is always beautiful." And when the John Bullesses make a good choice on their dresses they are indeed "Fuji Mountain in fine weather" to me.

I often go to the West End and look at those show-windows to study the ladies' latest fashion. One afternoon I took one of my Japanese friends to this study-tour in Bond Street. We saw many dresses, evening cloaks, and then diamonds and

other jewelled head-gears, and when we came to the show-window of a shoemaker I told him, "Now let us finish to-day's work. What do you think of it all?"

My friend pointed to some gilted shoes, said to me, "Look at them! And also those diamond head-gears which we saw a few minutes ago! What extraordinarily gorgeous things they are! If any girl wears them in Japan people would call her 'crazy.' But here in London, most wonderful thing to me is that there are some women whom those extraordinary things suit very well!"

"Yes," I said. "Everything suits John Bullesses. And they wear everything. I would not be surprised if a John Bulless wears things which cost the same value with her whole house, and you can study such sciences as Metallurgy, Botany, Natural History, and Zoology by the wearings of John Bullesses."

Seeing John Bullesses, I often recollect some Japanese insect called "Mino Mushi," or "Overcoat Insect." This small insect gathers feathers, dead leaves, bark, and everything, and ties them up together with her silky webs, and wears this heavy overcoat. But when she takes off that overcoat, lo, she is a beautiful butterfly. Some John Bullesses bury themselves into such thick fur overcoats in winter. You can hardly see their

eyes ; all other parts are covered with foxes' tails, minks' heads, seal's back skin, a whole bird, snake's skin, etc. etc. They make their size twice or three times larger. But when they get into a house and take off all those heavy wearings, such a light and charming butterfly comes out.

It is quite natural thing that such butterflies are very fond of jewelleries. However busy they may be, they always stop in front of the jewellers' shops whenever they pass by. The time is not counted for them to look at the show-window. Perhaps they are right, because they never get old by spending hours in that way. Nay, they may become younger. I always say John Bullesses are prettiest when they are looking at the jewellers' shops. For when they so eagerly look at what they are very fond of, they no longer belong to this troublesome world, in which everybody has something to worry. In front of the jewellers they look just like six-year-old children—so innocent ! The focus of their eyes is fixed upon some special things they want. Some brightness comes into their wide-open eyes, and now and then their mouths break into such sweet smiles. They are exactly like a cat aiming at a mouse. What a perfect pose for portrait painting !

I always wish that they can afford to buy everything they want. What a hard luck for them if

they could not buy some dresses and all sorts of nice wearings. I feel this especially, because they are so keen in their self-beautifying arts.

Once I put on some questions to one of my young and charming John Bulless friends : "Don't you want to be a millionaire so that you can buy every nice thing which you want ?"

She smiled sweetly in silence. Surely she went into a dream—a dream of all sorts of imaginations. But her common sense (I may say the regular British sense) awakened her conscience from her dream. She covered her face with her hands and said to me, "No, no, no. If I can buy everything I want I may be easily spoilt. Where is my happiness then ? You cannot imagine how much my brain is working every time when I go shopping. All these excitements make me feel worth while my living. For instance, sometimes I intended to buy a dress for £10 or £15. But when I go to my dressmaker I see some dress exactly suits me, and it is £20. After a great hesitation I buy it. On all the way home my mind is very busy—half happy and the other half unhappy. Then when my dress is finished I put it on, and if all my friends admire me in this dress I am turned into perfect happiness.

"Being much encouraged by this kind of happiness, I try to save more money for the next dress.

At Dress makers and
millinery

Don't you think I am much happier as I am now than to be a millionaire ?"

I paid much of my wordless admiration to her. I said to myself, " She is a real John Bulless ! "

John Bulless knows exactly her own position, and never dreams fool's paradise. Perhaps in her mind she may rebel against herself, and may even dream a fool's paradise, but she has a wonderful conscience to come back to herself. Besides this fact, I have learnt a great deal of philosophies through that John Bulless' lecture. That is to say, " to be satisfied in some unsatisfactory condition is the utmost happiness of the humans." We have a proverb, " To be quite fulfilled is the sign of declining." For this reason I love the bud more than fully blossomed flower, and the crescent more than the full moon.

To-yen-Mei (a famous ancient Chinese poet) did not philosophise himself in this way. For he lamented in his poetry : " How long am I going to keep my human shape in this world ? Wealth and fame are not my desire, the Paradise could not be expected in this world." He ought to be ashamed before the John Bulless who is making this disappointing world directly into her paradise.

I often stand in front of the theatres, 11.15 p.m., for two reasons. One reason is to make sketches, and the other reason is to study the English life—

especially about the relation between high and low John Bullesses. No sooner than the curtain drops many upper-class John Bullesses in their beautiful dresses are coming out to their carriages, and more numbers of the lower-class John Bullesses are watching the former on the pavement. I overhear the criticisms loudly and freely uttered by the lower-class John Bullesses. They are simply the admiration. It is quite surprising matter to me that there are not many "foxes and grapes." Very seldom I notice some sneering faces. But I think they are not real John Bullesses, so far as my prejudgment goes; they may be some aliens. Anyhow, I am one of the admirers of very orderly and systematic John Bullesses and Bulls. There is one thing I so reluctantly admit. That is to say, you have some circle which denies everybody and everything British. I hear their opinion is "socialistic," and "universal love." It sounds awfully well. I mean, only if they are very sincere to themselves. But I know personally a few people in this circle. To my great disappointment, and moreover to my grievance, they are very insincere. They are only sneering at everything and everybody. Their mind is not in perfect health. It is a kind of dreadful plague or pest. May I call them "the self-destroyers of their own country"? Because I see they are doing much

damage to their own country, but I don't see at all that they do any good to this world, I mean, by their so-called "universal love."

When I was a school-boy, I learnt the physical geography. The school-teacher said, "The globe is round." I said, "It is impossible. Look at our high Fuji Mountain, and that deep Pacific Ocean!" But he told me those mountains and oceans count very little to this large globe, and that it is quite right to say it is round. Now I think I am quite right to say that Britains are orderly and systematic in spite of those shameful betrayers.

I used to have full curiosity upon the young John Bullesses. If I was introduced to a young John Bulless, she would write me thus: "My mother wants me to tell you she would like to have tea with you on so-and-so date." I visited on them on the fixed date. It was true that her mother had tea with us. But mother would go off immediately after the tea. I had no chance to talk with her. It was the young John Bulless who talked to me all the time. I felt rather strange.

One day the final trick befell upon me. I got the usual invitation of "for the sake of her mother." But this time, to my surprise, mother did not appear at all. I was told she was out. So

I came to the conclusion to believe that "mother" meant the young John Bulless herself. I often witnessed more critical event. One of my young John Bull friends proposed to a young John Bulless. He informed me her answer was she wanted to ask "mother." The next information was that "mother" could not agree.

I said, "I say, it is rather a hard line with mother. John Bullesses bring all unpleasant part upon their mother. I am sure I would not or could not be John Bullesses' mother."

Perhaps those mother John Bullesses had the same trick upon their mothers in their youthful day, and the present young John Bullesses shall be mothers, and they shall be revenged by their daughters quite soon. The reason is very very simple. Even in such a free country like England, there are some conventionalities—especially between the different sexes. Surely they themselves are quite safe, but they are much afraid of the outside folks who so often make stupid gossip about them. And tender and gentle John Bullesses are trying hard to be out of the focus of those nonsensical gossips. Indeed, more than once, I heard their complaint, "As long as those foundless gossips are uttered by every one's lips, we can not do our work much in this world."

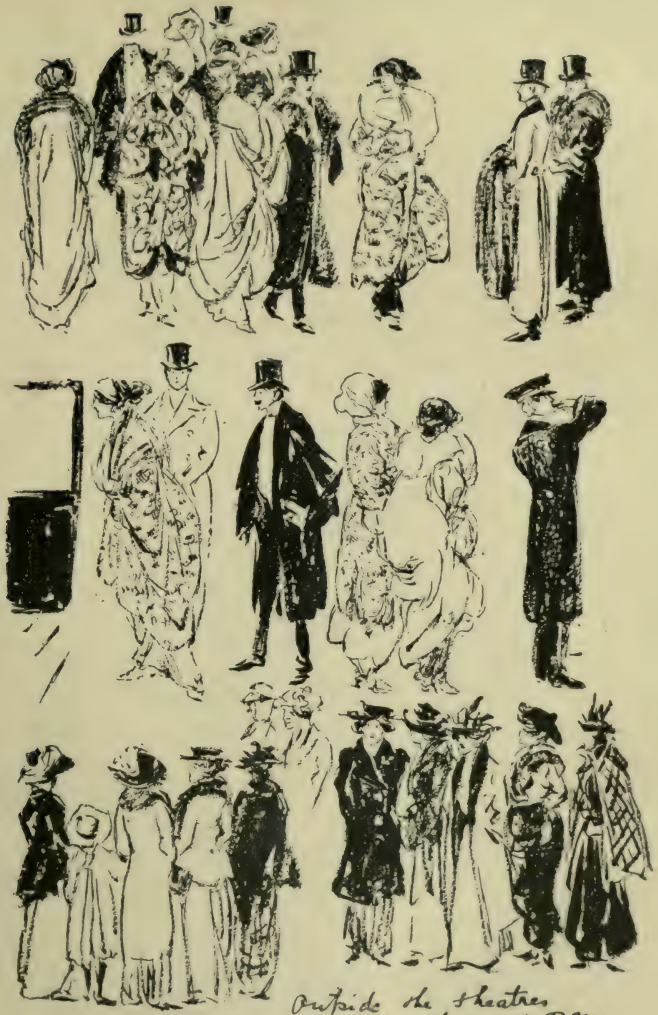
I sincerely sympathise with them. It must be

frightfully awkward for those innocent and pure-hearted John Bullesses. I loudly speak out that those who create stupid rumours have much lower morals themselves. For people always imagine the others with their own heart. I shall call England "really civilised country" when all those rumours and gossips are swept away. Until then I shall hold up my tongue. I say this absolutely and *not* comparatively. I am not comparing England with any other countries, for England is leading this moral far ahead in this world.

Lately, to my surprise, I met a plucky young John Bulless. She never brought her mother as the way of medium. She wrote me, "Will you come to have tea with *me? I* want to talk with you." So I went to talk with her. Certainly she has very progressive ideas, and she can not stand under the old conventions. She ignores all opposition against her. As I cannot describe her accurately with my broken English, the reader may easily imagine she is some sort of advanced woman. I know that kind of woman quite well. She is most unbearable. But this John Bulless whom I am talking, is entirely different from the others. She is well brought up in a good family, and in spite of her pluckiness and progressiveness, she has that sweet and charming nature of all the gentlest women. Her conversation is pleasant

because it is absolutely on literature and art—especially of the latest fashions. I wonder if she is quite an exceptional John Bulless, or are all younger John Bullesses progressing in that way? I wish it would be the latter. I know there are quite many ablest John Bullesses. Only I wish the other stupid gossip-manufacturers would not prevent them doing some great works together with men. My idealed civilisation shall come soon then.

Once upon a time in Japan, there was a great poet philosopher called Rikiu. When he was a boy he was working under a high priest in some famous temple. Some notable guests were to come to that temple. The priest ordered Rikiu to sweep the garden well. It was early in autumn. The boy tried to sweep every leaf fallen on the garden. But the more he swept the more were falling. It was hopeless for him to make the ground spotlessly neat. He philosophied himself, and shook all the trees. Lo, the garden ground was thickly covered with red and golden autumn leaves. The High Priest and his guests enjoyed this poetically swept garden. The moral of the different sexes is same with those autumn leaves. Indeed, since the day of Confucius we have been trying to sweep off the need for secret meetings. But the more we try, the more ugly events happen. We could



Outside the theatres at 11.15 P.m.

not see our idealed garden with pure and spotless ground for the last three thousand years, and we shall never be able to see in future, too. On the other hand, the English garden of the mixed life is as poetic and beautiful as that of Rikiu's. Only if there were not any silly rumours and gossips it would be still neater.

As I was born in the country of the fixed marriages, I could not imagine rightly about the free marriage system until I came to England and witnessed it with my own eyes. I used to have many a question such as—Sociable people will win everything of course, but how is about those quiet, shy, or modest people, and those slow temperament people ?

I hear it is the men's duty to propose women. Then couldn't the women have power to choose their future husband ?

After having observed the English life for fourteen years I am now answering to all my own questions. As this book is for the woman, I shall write only the woman's side. Whether they are very sociable or very shy, the luck comes to them quite equally. Indeed, many of my young John Bulless friends have been getting married one after another every year. Every one of them had different nature, though.

One afternoon I went to Hyde Park and I

amused myself by watching the storks. They have such a slow temperament. They never chase after fishes, but they are standing in shallow water instead, and waiting until some fish comes near to them. Then they pick up their prey. It seems to me they have foolishly slow temperament, but to my delight they are never starved. I saw one of them catch big fish twice in twenty minutes. On the other hand, look at the ducks. They are much harder workers. They dive into the water every minute and chase after fish to catch. I said to myself, " What different natures they have! Yet how equally is their luck! Human life is exactly the same! Only the one who faithfully obeys to her nature shall get the best luck."

Now about the second question, whether John Bullesses have power to choose their future husbands or not? I was awfully mistaken. For John Bullesses have more power of wooing than men. If they have the power to control men's passion, they can encourage the men just as well. The women's helm steers the human boat very sharply. It was true what I have heard that men have to propose, while the women are silent. But I have observed definitely that John Bullesses are wooing in every way, and put men into cross-examination to confess. Once I observed a very timid man got courage to propose. It seemed as easy as for me

to put my own signature on some finished picture by Turner or Corot! "I see, I see," I said to one John Bulless. "After all, you are not in miserable position as I used to imagine!"

Another question of mine was that in the free-marriage country some plain-looking girls might have harder luck than those beautiful girls. I sincerely feel very sorry for the former that it is so to some certain degree. But there is not much disappointment for them after all. For the gentle and sympathetic hearts conquer the beauty in shape. One might have too short nose or too big mouth, but if she has a beautiful heart that imperfectness of her face sweetens her charms even more. Indeed this sort of charm attracts men more than those beauties of deadly hard marble statues!

Therefore those who have sincere hearts shall win their luck quite easily.

As the result of free marriage I have found most unexpected phenomena in my very idealed John Bullesses. I mean those who are most charming and beautiful, yet who have very sincere and pathetic hearts. Why? Well, let me tell you. Perhaps the beauties who can enjoy the vain life, or who are hard-hearted, have the best time because all the men flatter them and flirt them. And if they like they may be able to break hundred hearts. I have nothing to say with this sort of woman. But what

about those beautiful John Bullesses who have sincere hearts and higher philosophy ? They can not enjoy these vainly flirting lives. Yet many men would go to them and pay all sorts of compliments for their beauty, after more or less the manner of wild animals. Very few sincere men indeed would go to them. On the other hand, beautiful John Bullesses may have plenty of unsuspected enemies. I know several of this sort of John Bulless. They are often lamenting that it is difficult to get real friends. I know their hearts are rebelling secretly, and I sympathise them very much.

CHAPTER IV

JOHN BULLESS AS MY TEACHER

FOR the last fourteen years the John Bullesses have been my teachers in many ways, and they shall be in the future too. First of all I have studied the English from them. Men are generally too impatient to teach the language; they would pass any bad pronunciations. Therefore if I trust the men teachers and believe that I can speak the English quite well, it gives me an astonishing mistake. John Bullesses are different, and I have more confidence upon them. They would make me pronounce one word for a hundred or two hundred times until I can really pronounce it. Especially for such a hopelessly dense one on the foreign language as myself, the John Bullesses are the great help. It has been their hard task to bring me up to this point. I mean I am now able, though not without difficulty, to sew up each word which is in the stock of my head and make a ragged dress for my ideas. I often rebel against myself. For all my neighbours are wearing beautifully sewn dresses of the English.

I asked one of my intimate John Bullesses to lend me her sewing-machine. She shook her head and said, "We English people always prefer your hand-made dresses!" I don't know whether it is kind of her or not. I may frankly take it as her cruelty if she stops my English lessons. However, the John Bullesses have taught me many English slangs. Until then I used to make awful mistakes. For instance, when I heard first time the people saying "Great Scott!" I thought that meant one who has taken too much whisky!

The other day a newly-arrived Japanese was asking the meaning of "Bob." I said, "It is a quite new word since the African War. The gold piece represents the Sovereign, while the shilling represents Lord Roberts." My John Bulless friend interfered with a killingly amazed face, and pointed out my mistake. I lost the confidence on my English from my Japanese friends!

One of my Japanese friends came over here a few months ago. He said he was learning the English lessons from his landlady. I said he was very wise to make a John Bulless as his teacher. He lowered his voice and whispered me, "I have learnt a horrible thing from my landlady. She said the English people eat cats!"

I said, "Certainly not. She must be an alien. Don't study the English from her any more."

Saturday Evening at Greenwich and Kensal Rise

"But, my dear Markino, she *is* English."

"Then she ought not to eat cats."

"Well, she herself does not eat cats. But her neighbours do. Every morning a man with a basket comes to our next door and makes a disagreeable voice, 'Mew, meat!' I asked my landlady what that was. She said it was the cat's meat!"

I said to my friend, "She *is* English after all, and is quite safe, to my relief!"

I myself often make this sort of mistake even now. Only last year when King Edward died and was lying in state in Westminster I wanted to go there and see him. I went with my John Bulless friends to Westminster by the Underground. They said, "We ought to go to 'kew.'" I said, "What a hard job for us. Let us take a train there!"

One of them said, "O no, let us walk!"

I grumbled very much, because it seemed too foolish to walk all way to Kew. But they never listened to me, and said, "Kew might be quite near." I could not make it out until they taught me the word *queue*—a quite new word to me!

My life in London is different from those tourists who are dragged round by the Cook's guide and say "farewell" within a week. No, from the first day I intended to settle down here. Therefore I

sincerely wanted to learn and obey to the English customs, though all my English friends are always ready to forgive my unaccustomed manners. Still it is my etiquette to be polite. That is why I am always asking everything to the John Bullesses, and they are kindly teaching me every time, and they never laugh at my ignorance. I am much appreciating their sincerity.

As I wrote in my last book (*A Japanese Artist in London*) I used to live in Greenwich, and thence I attended to the Japanese Naval Office in morning, then to the night school of the Goldsmith Institute. It was nearly eleven o'clock every night when I arrived to my diggings. I was deadly tired. The landlord asked me every evening, "How were you getting on with your work to-day?" I always answered him every small detail of my work at the office and the school. One day I said to my landlady, "Why is your husband giving me such a troublesome question? You see I often feel too tired to answer."

She patted me and said, "My poor boy, you need not give him all information of your work. It is our custom to say, 'How are you getting on?' and if you simply say, 'All right,' that will be quite enough."

The next evening the old man put the same question upon me. At first I rather hesitated,

because I thought such an abrupt answer might offend him. But I got courage at last when I saw his wife giving me some sign in her eyes. I shouted loudly, "All right." To my surprise, the old man seemed more satisfied than to hear all the details! Since this event I began to incline to have more friendship with John Bullesses than John Bulls.

There are two kinds of John Bullesses. One is quite conscious that I am the different sex. This sort of John Bulless treats me as a man, and I feel shy and queer. I cannot enjoy myself. The other John Bullesses are excellent. They treat me as one of themselves. They tell me all about their ideas to make new dresses, hats, etc. I am having very happy time with them, and they are my best teachers for everything. I can talk about and ask them all sorts of things which I cannot disclose to my men friends. There is very plain reason. My age is now getting old enough to know everything, and frankly my philosophical head is more or less developed. Therefore men think I ought not to ask a trifle thing in our daily life. More than once some men laughed at me when I asked some questions (seriously, though). They suspected I was "acting." They have quite forgotten what life I have been leading. First of all I am a foreigner, and am absolutely ignorant

of the English custom. Secondly, my poverty has forbidden me for the last thirteen years to get into the social life. Only the John Bullesses see my present condition—quite a baby in one way. It was one of them who taught me not to wear a made-up tie in England, and what sorts of suits to wear on each event which is happening in my daily life nowadays. In the theatres, restaurant, or in the parks, it is my John Bulless friends who always point out some fashions and criticise them. It is one of the most valuable lessons for my arts.

On those days when I had a very poor life in Greenwich or Kensal Rise my landladies used to take me to Saturday night markets. It was one of my greatest pleasures then to take a basket or bag and follow after them to shopping some Sunday provisions. I learnt some lessons—how those John Bullesses are making sufficiently sweet home with insufficient wage of their husbands. Another pleasure of mine was to help them to iron the pinafores of their children or wash the dishes to lessen the too heavy work for those poor John Bullesses. I have shared joys and sorrows together with them for more than ten years. Now I want to appeal to all the English publics for the sake of those simple and sincere John Bullesses. I shall write fully about this in the future chapter under the title of "Suffragette."

Are they the
incarnations
of Sexes?

When I was living in New Cross I had a young John Bulless friend, and we used to have a walk together. She often exclaimed, "No, thanks, gentlemen! We don't want to be followed by you."

I asked, "What are you talking about?"

"Well, don't look back. They will notice you. But some men have been following after us!"

Once or twice I had a chance to look back and see "men following after us." I said, "Nonsense! How do you know that? Perhaps they have to walk just the same direction with us. I am afraid you are prejudging!"

"Oh no, they *are* following us."

I never believed this until I went to Paris. In Paris I stayed in the flat of my French lady friend. One day we had walk on Rue Royale. She said to me, "Some men are following after us!" I looked back. Three men were walking slowly towards us, about one hundred yards off. I said, "Certainly they are not. I heard the same story from my John Bulless friend some years ago. But I never believed her. Why you women are so prejudging!"

My French friend was rather up-straight woman.

"Well, I shall clear off your suspicions upon the John Bulless as well as myself. Let us sit down and have *café*."

So we took the seats at Café Weber. The three men arrived only a minute later and took the seats very near us. They began to make very vulgar remarks on us. My friend whispered to me, "How do you think now? This is quite enough. Let us go home."

When I asked the bill to the *garçon* the three men asked the bill at the same time. They were intending to follow us again. Only, to their disappointment, we took a taxie and got rid of them. I always say women are much sharper observers than myself. They would make very good detectives.

I have something more to tell the reader about my French friend and the John Bullesses. The French women are very practical and industrious, and my friend was no exception. She was sewing all day and used to make beautiful dresses. One day I was watching her work. She said to me, "You see I make all my dresses. Could your John Bulless friends do the same?"

I said, "Perhaps not. I am afraid they don't know even how to hold the needle. Anyhow, they are very clever to write."

She broke in, "What use for women to write if they could not sew? Who would look after their houses then?—except they are millionaires!"

I could give her no answer, as it seemed to me

there was some sense in it. In fact, John Bullesses don't look to me as if they can hold needles when they have long necks, and shoulders like Greek Goddess. When I came back to London, I repeated all these stories to my John Bulless friends. They were very angry with me, because I lied! For the revenge (very sweet revenge, though) the John Bullesses wanted to do sewing business for me. And they mended all my clothes. Remembering the lecture of my French friend, I examined their sewing. The line was as straight as a rule, and each stitch was exactly same length. They *were* the experts and not amateurs at all. I wrote to my French friend immediately, asking her pardon that I made a false statement about my John Bulless friends!

As I said in the first article, the John Bulless is very lively. Last year I travelled in Italy with a party of five. Two of them were young John Bullesses. About ascending or descending the mountainous roads, I yielded to their activity. About ascending I did nearly same with them (not more, though). But about descending they were marvellous. It was absolutely hopeless for me to follow after them. Those two John Bullesses alternately began to help me by taking my arm, or sometimes offering me their umbrellas, and they themselves walked on without them. I looked around, as I

was very nervous if any one was watching us. I felt awfully ashamed of myself. For it was the most shameful record on the men's history that I should be helped by the pretty young John Bullesses!

It seems to me the John Bullesses go out whenever they have nothing to do indoors. If I pay visit upon them without any notice I very seldom find them at home. Rain does not make the exception for their walk. I am very grateful for that, for it is my most favourite subject to paint the John Bullesses in rain or in fogs. Nothing could be more romantic than to watch them in foggy day. You can see nothing but vast semi-transparent fogs, like a sheet of the wrapping-paper. Then some shadowy figure appears. The nearer the figure approaches to you the more detail you begin to observe. Then when she passes just before you, you see a charming face, deeply enveloped by thick fur (John Bullesses look more charming in fog than ever, because it gives their faces nice colour). Then she is gradually melted away into a shadow scarcely darker than the colour of air, and vanishes altogether in the next minute.

I understand one cannot wait some urgent business until the rain or fogs clear up. But the rain cannot stop John Bullesses, for they would not mind wet days for pleasure walks. If I make

Energetic John Bullocs in the Rain

appointment to walk in the park or on the commons my John Bulless friends never fail on account of the rain. Sometimes they play golf in pouring rain whole morning! This is a great astonishment. Of course it must be remembered their dresses are different from those of Japanese girls, and just fancy a Japanese girl walking in rain! The cosmetics on her hair would be washed down to her face. All her beautiful silk dress would be soaked. She would give the same effect with that angel on Castel Sant' Angelo!

As long as the John Bullesses are opening their eyes they are always active. But there is only one place where one can see them very still and quiet. Go to the box or the wing of the dress circle and watch those John Bullesses in stalls during the performance. They are all sitting motionless in the shape of the Cassiopeia stars in gloomy light. It is very effective, and I have often enjoyed seeing them more than some poor plays!

A few years ago when I lived with my elderly fellow artist, we often talked about the question of women. I said to him, "I don't care much for some old women. When the men get older they become more generous and more philosophical. The women are reverse. Those young girls are very charming and have broad minds, ready to forgive anything. But when they get older seven out

of ten become very selfish. They speak very disagreeable things." Thereupon, my friend replied me promptly, "Hear, hear! I am always thinking in the same way with you. When the romance in women's hearts dies out, they become merely vinegar!"

I told this to one of my young John Bullesses. She was very indignant. "We women never change our mind by age. It is your own part which is changing according to the age of women. I notice that in you very often. When a charming young girl speaks to you, you listen to her very eagerly. Even when she says really rude things, you always accept her with a jolly good heart. And if an elder lady opposes against you about a trifle thing, immediately you change your countenance. I know sometimes you would feel not quite willing to open the door for an old lady, and always you are willing even to sacrifice your own life for the sake of some charming girl. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

When I was alone in my room I thought her lecture over very carefully, and it seemed to me there was truth to some certain degree. So I apologised to that young John Bulless, and promised her to behave myself more fairly in future. I have been keeping this promise quite honestly, and I feel I am getting more or less tamed. How-

ever, I have something to say about some old ladies. I don't say every one. Perhaps one among ten thousands. But in such a thick population like London it is not seldom to see "one among ten thousands." I mean one who stands at the entrance of the omnibuses. She knows quite well that she cannot get off while the 'bus is in motion. Yet she covers the place with herself, stretching her both hands to the railings, and she makes many busy youngsters unable to get off. The latter are often carried to long distance. The lady herself knows that; more than once I heard somebody say from behind her back, "Thank you!" But she never moves. She thinks this whole world, including that 'bus, is made especially for herself. The British public is very polite. They dare not utter grumplaining words to old ladies. But I have often observed some withered faces behind the lady, and when the focus of their eyes comes together they smile for the comfort of each other's sympathy. I have never seen the young John Bullesses stand still on the doorway of 'buses. They are modest enough to stay in, or lively enough to jump off, while the 'buses are in motion.

By the way, about the modestness of the young John Bulless I want to mention a few things. The other day I took my Japanese friend to one of my

young John Bulless friends. When we were leaving her house she wanted to help my Japanese friend to put on his overcoat. He moved back, saying, "No, no, no."

Next time when I saw that John Bulless she said to me, "Your friend was awfully shy, wasn't he?"

I told this to my Japanese friend. He said, "I have travelled in all the Western world, but that was the very first time that a lady tried to help my overcoat. I thought it was extraordinarily modest of her. That was why I could not accept her voluntary offer."

We have saying in Japan, "One who lives in the room of flowers does not realise the scent." It is true in my case. As I have been in England for such a long time I have begun to un-notice the fragrant John Bullesses. But a stranger like my friend, who just opened the door of England and came in, he appreciated the modestness of John Bullesses more than myself. Since this event I began to recollect my life in California. I remember I and another Japanese took a cable car in San Francisco. Many people were standing, but my friend, seeing an empty seat, sat himself down. We did not see there was one lady standing. She immediately struck my friend's knee hardly with her umbrella and demanded him to give up his seat to her.

Industrious
John Bullock

This sort of comic-tragedy we never see in England. Indeed, I so often see most respectable and delicate ladies standing in the tube cars while some men are sitting, and whenever I give seats to them they heartily thank me, and sometimes they would not accept unless I offer them twice or three times.

If the John Bull travelled all over the world and came back again he would realise and appreciate the modestness of his sister John Bulless!

CHAPTER V

QUEEN OF THE JOHN BULLESSES

WHAT a merry month was June of 1911 ! It shall never be forgotten as long as this human world is existing, I mean as the Great Britain is existing. (Practically and logically this has the same meaning.) For it was the Coronation month. The Coronation for the most peace-loving King and the most tender-hearted Queen ! Merry and joyful must be all the very loyal Britons and so must be the foreigners all over the world as well.

By the way, am I a foreigner ? Yes, so I am. I have nearly forgotten that ! Anyhow, I think I am less foreigner than some real foreigners because first of all our countries are allied. Then I have been in their Majesties' country nearly half of my life. My flesh and bones are entirely made with the British substances by this time, so the medical science says, and my heart and brain are more Britonised by many kind-hearted John Bulless friends. Why then should I not be loyal to the Queen of the John Bullesses as much as the most

loyal Britions? Do you say I am getting less patriotic to my own country? Nonsense! It makes me so grieved to think that there are many fools who misunderstand the word "Patriotic" as the "fighting spirit" with the neighbouring country. Don't you know friend-making is far more patriotic? So let us all (including my little self) be united to celebrate this historically merry month!

My heart was full of joys—so must be yours. By the way, I have quite forgotten that the sizes of our hearts are different. Mine is very small one. Those who have bigger hearts can naturally speak out more merry words. But I cannot keep absolutely silent either, for although my heart is small, joys are overflowing from it. So I forget everything—even myself.

May the graceful Queen forgive my dreadfully ragged English, for my heart is in the full-uniform before Her Majesty!

For this special month of Coronation I have decided to write about the Windsor Castle which the Queen of the John Bullesses dearly loves.

I knew the name Windsor Castle since I was a schoolboy in Japan. An American missionary gave me a Christmas card; the chromotype picture of the Windsor Castle was on it. I framed it and hanged it in my room, and I valued it very much. Readers, you may laugh, for such a Christmas card

is so common to you. But to me, it was more precious than the Japanese prints to you. You can get any amounts of the Japanese prints here now. But at that time (twenty-two years ago) we could not get such a Christmas card with money. The Castle in that picture seemed to me most enormous size, especially because we, the school-boys, lived in a toy-like house. Beneath the picture I wrote a line from a famous Chinese poetry in Tō Dynasty :—

> Unless you see the grandeur
> And splendour of the Palace
> You shall not know
> how high and how noble
> is the Emperor.

I never dreamed then that I should get the chance to-day to witness this "enormous castle" with my own eyes!

My editor friends said, "We shall take you there and show you everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes. The gardens, inside of castle, chapel, and everything are open to the public on some certain days."

Alas! Mencius was gone two thousand years ago! If he was alive to-day to hear this how delighted would he be! Here is the quotation from the *Book of Mencius*:—

WINDSOR CASTLE.

"King Sen of Sei asked Mencius and said, 'I hear the garden of King Bun was seven miles square. Was that so?'

"Mencius said, 'Yes, it is written so in the history.'

"'How large it was!'

"'Well, the public thought it was still too small.'

"'My garden is only four miles square, yet the nation think it is too large. Why is that?'

"Mencius replied, 'Yes, the garden of King Bun was seven miles square, and all the nation was permitted to enjoy itself in it, therefore no wonder the people thought it was not large enough. When I arrived at the boundary of your country I learnt all your national law from an officer. I heard your Majesty had a garden of four miles square. No people were allowed to get in, and if one gave harm to the animals, birds, or even to the trees, he is put unto death. I cannot call such a ground "garden." It is practically a trap. The people would feel even four yards square trap too much for them. No wonder why they are complaining about such a tremendous trap of four miles square!'"

Mencius was lecturing the kings for all his life. He has left many books behind. Great philosophers were born from time to time and added hundreds books. But has his idea ever been

practised either in China or Japan? How very strange and delightful to find his doctrine really practised in this far, far Western country where Mencius is not counted among its sages! Some twenty years ago it was merely a dream of mine when I read the book of Mencius to imagine a most peacefully and gracefully reigning sovereign. To-day in England it has come true for me to witness it.

Could such a little stranger like myself be allowed to have a glimpse of the Honourable Castle of the Queen of the John Bullesses?

One Saturday lately I enthusiastically accepted the invitation of my editorial friends for motoring to the Old Windsor. Our party was composed with two editorial friends and the wife of one of them—for I claimed there should be a John Bulless—and my little self. We started from Hammersmith early in the morning. One of them was an excellent steerer, and we went on splendidly until we came to Brooklands, where one of the wheels was cracked with cannon-like sound! It was such a hard work for that young fellow to change the tyre. The perspiration was flowing all over his inflammated red face. The John Bulless was soothing him all the while. When everything was ready the young fellow jumped on the car and said, "John Bullesses always keep my temper down!"

Cranbourn Tower a resort of Henry VIII & his wife
The Copper Horse
A royal Tree in Windsor great Park

I was so glad then she was with us, or else there might be left nothing of me!

No sooner than our car passed Chertsey than I already began to notice neatness, freshness, and sweetness of the Nature. The severe winter was gone only a few days ago, and these five or seven sunny days had brought the tender cobalt-greens all over the woods. Here and there the masses of pine trees were distinguishing themselves with their dark and strong colour. Two or three of them were overhanging their vine-like branches right across the road. Who would believe this undusty Nature was only half an hour reach from the greatest metropolis!

Our car stopped! Was another tyre broken? No, not this time. I was told we were at Virginia Water. We went into a little cottage-restaurant. We had a glass of whisky and soda-water each as the signatures of passport! and crossed the cottage and a little garden.

There a vast view of the lake! The water reflected the whole view, even the dots of clouds, clearer than a mirror. Two white geese were sailing forward breaking the reflections into mysterious tones. Just beyond the green bank I saw two hatless heads of country boys. As I walked forwards I found out their bodies—they were enjoying their sun-bath.

Seeing this, again I recollected Confucius. Once upon a time Confucius had dinner with all his pupils and after the dinner they all sat down easily and began to discuss freely all what they were imagining. Some pupil desired to be a general of a million warriors, some to be politicians, etc. There was a favourite pupil of Confucius called Sō-Tets. Confucius said to him, "Sō-Tets, why art thou silent? Tell me what thou thinkest?"

Sō-Tets said, "My ambition is too humble to mention. I only wish to lie down on the green bank of the lake and enjoy the calmful spring."

Confucius exclaimed, "I, too, have the same ambition with thee!"

By this he meant his only desire was the most peaceful reign of the king.

An old man in a porter's uniform came to us and pointed the opposite side of the lake, and said that was the favourite part of the Queen and that Her Majesty often came there to have tea. I just bent my knee down looking towards that beautiful spot! After seeing that famous beauty of the cascade we drove to Windsor immediately. I swallowed my luncheon in a few minutes, for I was so excited to see the castle.

Now we were ready to see the Old Windsor Castle at last. The plan of the entrance from Henry VIII gate resembled with those old Japanese

Waterfall Virginia water

Lake Virginia water wher their Majesties often take tea

castles so much, only I found the scale was larger and the colour of the stone buildings seemed so vivid in the sun, they looked more like guinea-fowls' feathers. We went into the St. George's Chapel first of all. Dignity and sacredness combined with the high art—that was my immediate impression there! I could not help recollecting my visit to Italy last year. I have seen many beautiful architectures in those churches everywhere I visited. But never I felt this sincere divinity there! Nothing could be more suitable for the House of God than Gothics. However, there was some more reason. Because it was the sanctuary of the sovereigns of the greatest nation in the world. And because I pay to their Majesties all the sincerest loyalty from my humble heart! I crept a few steps up to the choir. My eyes were caught by the grandeur and magnificence of the wood-carving decorations. Gradually my eyes began to gaze upon the ceiling—the finest specimen of Gothic art—I started to count the banners from the opposite corner. When I turned my head all round and to the final point directly upon myself something made me feel so happy. Yes, my heart swelled high with happiness. It was the new banner of the King and Queen.

I have some story for these banners. About two months and half ago, Mr. Cooper of the Royal

School of Art and Needlework invited me to his school. He came down to greet me at the door. I saw in the first floor many specimens of the beautiful needleworks done by the students. Then in a large room on the second floor many young John Bullesses were actually working the embroidery. Mr. Cooper and the tutors told me that was not all, but they had some special things to show me. We went into another room. There I saw those two royal banners were almost finished. They were carefully covered. The tutors explained me what a great attention was taken to produce these beautiful banners. Mr. Cooper seemed very proud and said to me, "I invited you to our school for some reasons. You said in your first article that you had no chance to see the school girls' life. That is one reason, but the greater reason is our John Bullesses here are all very loyal to the King and Queen, and certainly you must be pleased to hear that, because you are a Japanese."

I answered every remark of his in the positive.

Now, seeing the very same banners in the Choir of St. George I felt so happy. The brilliant embroiderings seemed to me almost sparkling, for I knew the loyal John Bullesses who had made them.

We came out from St. George's to the open ground under the round tower. I saw the beautiful flower-beds in the moat beneath. My editorial

friend explained me that the moat was to introduce the water during the war time. I saw no water except that tiny twinkling spring to keep a few golden fishes, all other parts were covered with all sorts of flowers. I don't know the English names for those, though most of them have been my acquaintances since I was in Japan.

Mauve, pink, yellow, and white—what a beautiful carpet woven by the Nature's hands! How very pleasing to see the ground especially made for the war purpose to be turned into the beauty of the Nature! It is far more delightful to see it than the garden made as garden from the first. For we all love the Peace—the Peace which has conquered the wars—not that timidness which prefers peace to war.

What a glorious view has the North Terrace! A man began to explain us "where is what," pointing out every detail in a vast spring haze. I myself did not care much about the geographical study. So I leaned against the stone parapet and let my dreaming soul wander into the happy mist which concealed "several counties" (which, according to the guide, ought to be seen clearly).

Did I want to see the Stateroom? Of course I did! We four followed after a uniformed guide. The inside architectures of the palace seemed to me so new as if they were built only last year. I repeated my question if they were repaired re-

cently? I was told they were not repaired, but a great care was taken. Was that all? Then that was a new lesson to me. Whenever we see old corrupted ruins we always say, "that's by age." Hereafter I shall say, "that's by negligence" instead of "age." Those wonderful collections of armours reminded me I was in the great Castle. And I thought those stags' heads, big ivories, etc., show well that that was the royal castle of the great sportsman-nation. When we came to the picture rooms I had such a great reluctance that we should have to follow the guide. For that guide was reading the "explanation" ever too quick—just like the Buddhist monks reciting their daily creed. I had no chance to stay before one picture more than half a minute. The collection seemed the very best, but we had to pass on like a cinematograph. I did earnestly wish that I could be allowed to see all the masterpieces more carefully some day. However, I noticed a few things in that quick running tour. That was especially about Rubens. Hitherto I used to look down upon Rubens' works. No matter how skilful his brush might be, the bottom of his idea was far more immoral than the Pompeian arts (I am going to discuss this matter fully in a book called *My Second Tour in Italy*). But here in the Windsor Castle, the subjects of Rubens' pictures were absolutely pure and sacred! So I could look

at them with a John Bulless friend together quite comfortably.

The two portraits by Holbein (one Henry VIII. and the other a youth) magnetised me and it was hard to depart from them. When I looked back all my parties were there no longer, so I had to walk on. How pity that I had to pass on before that big masterpiece, *Charles I*, by Vandyck!

Perhaps the guard room gave me the strongest impression that I was in the mighty royal palace.

How many steps to climb up the round tower? I did count them half-way up, then I gave it up. It seemed to me awfully high, especially on such a warm spring day. However, no one would repent when he reached the top, for it is the very spot to see the picturesque Surrey.

The next places we were guided to were the Royal Stables. Many a most beautiful horse was living in the neatly kept stables! We saw every one of them and came to the riding-school. The porter pointed the gallery, raised up high on the opposite side, and said, "The late Queen Victoria used to sit down there and watch her grand-children driving." My imagination went on so far that I could see my mental picture of the Queen Victoria there. I kneeled and nodded my head. A gate door was open, and when I passed it I found myself in the street again.

Now we were to see the great Windsor Park! We were driven slowly but comfortably on the ribbon-like white road between the ever-green bed of the Park. The car stopped at a poetic-looking gate of an awfully English style. We walked to the right for a few minutes. There we saw a very romantic view—a tall and slender tower standing on the top of a hill. The sun was showing its ray so freely upon the tower until it looked quite golden, and the green grasses beneath looked more green by the contrast. I said, "What a happy-looking tower it is!"

My editorial friend replied in a solemn tone, "Henry VIII used to keep his wives there, and they all disappeared one after another."

I said, "Oh! the word 'disappear' sounds rather uncomfortable, but one who can live in such a place together with his wife for all his life must be the luckiest in this world."

We went into still more woodie-place. We were absolutely buried underneath the newly born foliages. Through the tiny holes between the thick green leaves the sun was penetrating its beams straight down. They were just like those ropes from the top of shipmasts to the decks. Here and there and everywhere the little birds were singing joyous songs with their clear voices. O, how very refreshing it was to my world-tired soul! Evi-

Queen Adelaide's Tree

dently the full spring was come to the tops of the trees. But on the ground low beneath, nothing much was awakened from the winter bed yet. Only here and there young ferns timidly came out from the cool moisted ground in the shape of question marks.

On the spot where the driving road was curving there was one tree surrounded by wooden benches. My friend told me that was the tree Queen Adelaide planted. Two metal plates were stuck on the tree for commemoration of the royal honour which the tree had received. One of the plates was nearly eaten in by the bark. When we looked westward we saw an open space of the foliage, and there was the glorious view of the old Windsor Castle.

Our guide told us that that was the favourite spot of the late Queen Victoria as well as of Her Majesty Queen Mary.

"The Queens of the John Bullesses know what the Nature's beauty is!" I exclaimed. Whenever my English friends discuss about landscape they always say, "O, your country. O, Japan!"

Yes, I am very proud of the landscape of my country. But even in Japan you cannot find such a beauty as Windsor everywhere. At least, I have never seen such gracious and benevolent trees when I was in Japan.

I began to study each tree there. I paced my

eyes from the ground to the very top. They are quite living, and not like those smoked trees in London. I liked the colour of living trees so much, and lo! their height! And how well developed each net-like branch! And what vigorous strength they show! Who could believe that they were grown only a little by little in some hundreds of years? They looked as if they were pulled up in one night! By my close study I found out those strengthy, big trunks were the union of many branches. I saw some thickly grown branches were just half-united. That will be one trunk later on.

Once upon a time in Japan there was a very wise knight called Mori. He had twelve young sons. He called every one of them to his death-bed and demanded them to bring a bamboo stick. He tied up twelve sticks and asked them if any of them could break that. His children were filial enough to obey to their father's last will. Their union conquered all over Japan.

The Great Britain shall be safe and strong as long as the nation is united in the same way with the trees in Old Windsor.

Our one day's trip to Windsor was nearly over. The big round sun like a mirror had sunken beyond the western horizon, leaving search-light-like sprays from a few spaces between the clouds. The

Windsor Castle
from Old Windsor

Lynch Old Windsor

pale-faced moon was already high up. By the time we finished our little supper the silvery moon was crowned as the queen of the whole world.

I asked my friends to stop our car when we came to the north side of the Castle. I jumped off from the car and I loitered to and fro along that avenue.

O, the Windsor Castle under the moonlight! It was as sweet and beautiful as all the John Bullesses under her Majesty the Queen!

Banzai and *Ban-Banzai* for the Queen of the John Bullesses!

CHAPTER VI

HOME LIFE

SINCE Lafcadio Hearn has written several books of Japanese life, the Japanese woman has become very famous in England. Those who have read his books often come across me, and they always talk very highly about the Japanese women.

Perhaps Lafcadio Hearn was one of a few foreigners who have seen the innerside of my country. I feel very proud of our women when they are so highly spoken of. But it is not seldom that I meet with some English people who believe the Japanese women are the only really virtuous ones, and they don't think of John Bullesses at all. What a great mistake they are making. At first I thought they were only flattering to me. The matter of fact seems to be far more serious than that.

We have a proverb, "The bottom of lighthouses is very dark." Surely those people are quite blind and cannot see the sparkling virtue of John Bullesses. Now let me point it out for those blinds.

Yes, it is true that Japanese women have wonderfully self-sacrificing power. But it must be remembered we have the national ethic called "Bushido." They are trained in that way. At least the national custom demands them to perform Bushido. Of course those genuine ones are most admirable, but many are obliged unwillingly to follow after the national custom, as they are afraid to be cast away from the social life. Then there some hideous hypocrites come in. In England you have no word to translate "Bushido."

You can cry like a baby in the street if you like. You can be quite selfish, so long as you don't violate your national law. Nobody could compel you to be deported. Is it not the real Bushido if I see this ethic in such a free country where they have no word for Bushido? It could not be an imitation or forgery, but a genuine one. Yes, I have seen the real Bushido in the hearts of some John Bullesses. It comes out ever so bright in their home life. It seems to me it is the speciality of John Bullesses to make Sweet Home when they become wives. I read Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* when I was only a boy. Those two chapters "Wife" and "Widow and her Son" were such a great revelation of humanity to me then. At the same time, I had some suspicious question in my heart—Hasn't the great writer played about a bit

with his pen? Or were those not only the rare exceptions? But now I am fortunate enough to have come and lived in the home country of "Wife" and "Widow and her Son." And to my delight I find out Irving was very truthful observer.

In most other countries (including Japan) people generally entertain their guests at restaurant, hotels, or clubs. In England they invite the guests to their own home. Restaurant's dinner may be very delicious. Club-rooms may be very chic and elegant. But I myself enjoy the sweet euphony of a private family life mostly. The former is only the material enjoyment, while the latter is mental.

At the dinner-table, wife-John Bulless would explain that those flowers were picked up from their back garden, and even the radishes were grown in the corner of her garden. She would start to bite one of them, and gaze at us with such proud eyes. Sometimes a newly married John Bulless would apologise with bashful cheeks an ill-cooked dish because "something was wrong with the stove." Could there be anything sweeter and more entertaining than the English home life? Well reserved John Bull husband says no word. He casts his eyes downward and eats everything in silence. He dare not express his burning love, but his most contented expression tells me all the sweet stories of his family.

Soon after the dinner the wife John Bulless would sing or play music. I know it is the song or tune that is her husband's favourite. They are practically geishas to their husbands.

One of my Japanese friends said to me after seeing John Bullesses' home life, "They seem to be the combination of scholar and geisha."

I thought it was very true expression. For in olden Japan, wives used to be very loyal to husbands and very diligent for the domestic affairs. But most sadly they lacked that charm and sweetness to enlighten husband's life. Then we felt the urgent necessity of the education for women. But the girl student often proved haughty. This was the reason we have the professional girl entertainers or geisha. (But we are hoping this will abolish quite soon.)

Here in England, John Bullesses themselves do the duty of house-wife, well-educated scholar, as well as great entertainers. Lucky are those John Bulls who have the wife to sweeten their lives. I sincerely envy them. I always say—In Japan the foundation-stone of the moral is the love between parents and children, while in England it is between husbands and wives.

When I was in America I heard a story about Prince Kido which I believe will amuse the reader.

At the time when Japan opened the country, Prince Kido was sent to America. After performing his duty there, he was to go back to his home country. An American gentleman said to him, "You must be very anxious to get back home, and certainly you will see your wife first. . . ."

"See my wife first? Certainly *not!*" exclaimed the Prince, and he was much surprised and shocked. The American asked him what would he do then? He said he would see his parents first and his wife at the very last. Whereupon the American was far more shocked than the Prince was! They gazed each other for a few minutes in breathless silence!

Here may I give a little explanation of the Prince. Certainly he did not see his wife till the very last, but I am sure his mind was not relieved until then.

Now let us proceed to the "bringing-up" and the home education for the children. When I was in Italy some Italian lady said to me, "I am afraid the English parents don't love their children enough." So I answered her that her observation was only the surface of the English life. Certainly the John Bullesses seem to be very cool to their children, but a little further study is needed before we criticise them. My observation is that the Italian as well as Japanese mothers have no doubt

PUNTING ON THE THAMES.

deep passions towards their children, while the John Bullesses have real wisdom how to bring up their children. I knew many Japanese women who became absolutely slaves to their children, and very often they have lost their reasoning and did anything that their children asked. In Italy, too, I have observed some women carrying their small children under nine to cafés at midnight! I don't see such dreadful sights in England. John Bullesses have heads to govern their passion and they know too well what hour they must put their babies in bed.

I have a great admiration towards the English nurses. They are so well trained. Their heads and hearts are balanced wonderfully well—just right persons to trust with babies. I must reluctantly confess that we haven't such professional nurses in Japan. I quite remember my childish life when I was five or six. My parents begged my nurse not to frighten me by telling horrible ghost stories; nevertheless she told them to me most every day, and I often got quite hysterical in night. Now, seeing how the English nurses are treating the babies, I always envy them. Only if I were nursed like that how much brighter and happier baby I was!

John Bullesses are wise enough to get those excellent nurses for their babies. And I see even

among those comparatively poor families they generally engage the nurse.

In Japan you don't see so many nurses. Because some mothers are too attached to their babies and they cannot be separated. One would be much amazed to see what a great difference takes place when a Japanese woman gets a baby. Until a few months before she was a very young girlish wife in smart fashion, but then she looks ten years older. No more pretty dresses for her. No more hair-dressing for her, and no more rouge to her lips! She thinks nothing about herself, but only her baby. What a great contrast with the John Bulless! I cannot tell whether she is unmarried woman or a mother of twelve children. The other evening at dinner I met with a charming John Bulless. She told me she has three children, and she went on, "Since I had children I began to feel much younger, because I am a good companion to them!" Indeed she looked so girlish, and I felt strange to address her "Madame." How splendid for mother and children both to be like that!

If Japan has something more to learn from England, I must say it is the John Bulless's home life in all.

How very sweet are those blossoms of the orchards in the early spring! Some Japanese poet

lamented and said, "How soon shalt thou be withered! Couldst not thou last thy sweetness a little longer?" Indeed, we all wish that the flowers would keep their comely shape and colour for all the season. But it is the law of providence. They ought to go away in order to bring us their fruits in autumn. So with the children. When they are four to ten or twelve they are sweeter than the spring blossoms. Are there any parents in this world who do not mind to part from their pride? But when their ages come they shall have to go away from their sweet home to have their own fruits. How very cruel and how very unnatural are those parents who try to keep their children for all their life!

We say in Japan, "If you love your children let them travel in their early life." Perhaps everyone in any country knows that too well. But it is the John Bulless who actually practises it well. This is the great reason why the British people have succeeded in colonisation all over the world.

I confess I have had no experiences with children. But my sketches are my children. Sometimes, perhaps one in hundred times, I can carry out the drawings as well as the colouring just as I wanted to. Then I love it very dearly. I feel I want to live with it all my life. However, when I finish it, I must part from it for the sake of next

day's breads. Other day I went to South Kensington Museum with couple of my Japanese friends. We saw a bronze eagle by Myochin. It was his masterpiece. One of my friends exclaimed, "What a great shame for our country to have sold such a splendid masterpiece to other country! We ought to rebuy it, disregarding any figures for its price. We must keep it in our country."

I deeply sighed. "How very mistaken you are! The matter is entirely different from those shameful war trophies. Don't you know Myochin's eagle is in its right place now? Far more people are looking at it here every day than when it was in Japan. Besides, when it is in a foreign country, it shows our art in a wider scale in this world!"

To-day the children of the Great Britain are scattered all over the world. They all are spreading their graceful wings like Myochin's eagle. They are well worth of being proud, and the merit belongs to the John Bulless mothers, who know how to part from their children. But it is not always easy task to them; for they have hearts as much as any other women.

I know a John Bulless who had a son. She had idolised him. And he was much attached to his mother, and very filial too. Last year he reached his age of twenty-three. He decided to settle down in India. They had never parted before.

How have they bid farewell to each other? A day before the son left home they had invited all their intimate friends. The son seemed somewhat upset, but the mother was in her brightest spirits, and laughing and making fun all the time. She laughed at her son because he was "too sentimental." The room was full of a gay air. Who could imagine that gayness and happiness of the mother was only false one to encourage her son, until a day after the son had sailed? One of her intimate John Bulless friends paid a visit upon her then. She could hardly believe that it was the same mother who was so jolly the other afternoon.

She was almost broken down, and said to her friend in tears, "You know I wanted my son to leave his home quite happy. I did try my best. But how could I really be happy to bid farewell to my dearest son?"

One day I visited on Lady M—— with my editor friend. Her baby girl came into the room when the luncheon was over. She was about seven, and the prettiest girl I have ever seen. My editor friend was asking to the baby, "What are you going to do this afternoon?" Lady M—— whispered to my friend, "Don't ask her anything. She is going to be sent to her school in a few hours' time," and she gave us a smile—a smile which concealed her tears within.

Who can dare say the John Bulless is cool to her children then? However, I have learnt one thing from the John Bullesses. We must not call them sentimental. For they hate the word *sentimental.* I don't know why. Is it not sentimental the parents and children being so affectionate to each other! Is it not sentimental the husband and wife being so loyal to each other? And is it not most sentimental to be patriotic, especially to be so conservative? This last spirit seems to me the crystallisation of sentimental feeling towards the country, the sovereign, the neighbours, and the pioneer ancestors. Why, then, they hate the word sentimental? Am I mistaken of the meaning of that word? Perhaps my Anglo-Japanese dictionary gives me a wrong definition of the word? Otherwise I don't see the reason. Anyhow, it is true that John Bullesses get angry with me if I call them "sentimental," and they are shocked if I say I am sentimental. When this word expressed once, they cast their eyes downward and murmur, "Don't be silly"; and if it is repeated more than twice, they shrink themselves and fly away.

What I like best in John Bullesses is that their nature is quite sentimental, yet they absolutely deny it. This very spirit has brought up many a great hero and heroine in England.

About John Bulless's persevering, I always worship them as my leaders. Here I feel I must mention about that landlady in Brixton who died while I was staying in her house. (See the chapter "My Life in Brixton" in *A Japanese Artist in London*.)

She had suffered dropsy. She was so much swelled, and she was obliged to sit on an arm-chair day and night for more than two months. During these most trying times she has never uttered a complaining word. Her daughter often asked me to see her. Sometimes she was slumbering in a half-unconscious state. And she was moving her hands in the way as if she was sewing. The daughter said to me, "You see, she is worrying much of her house work, and her mind is practically working sewing!" It was most pathetic sight than the words could express. Who could help without wishing her to be recovered once more. But she was to die, and I saw a full smile on her face when she was expired. . . .

What else could I compare with her life but the wonderful Nature, such as some trees. Have you ever watched those trees for every season? In the spring they blossom, then in the summer they give cool shadows, in the autumn they give delicious fruits, and just before the winter comes they turn their leaves into beautiful golden or scarlet colours

to delight our eyes once more, even in their dying moment! So it was with that John Bulless.

I know another young John Bulless. She is most charming and beautiful. She would be a great fascination in the society. . . . Besides, she has talent for the art. She fixed her ambition to succeed her art study. Alas, some misfortune has befallen upon her. Her mother died after a long illness, and now she is to look after a little country house for her father. For this reason she has shaken off all her bright ambitions. How deadly dull life it must be. But she does not show any signs of her discontenting. On the contrary, she is delighted to do the works for charity in her leisure time, and she is the sunshine to all those poor miserable souls.

I myself have had some misfortune, and I am still meeting all sorts of discouragement and disappointment. Very often I feel tired of this world and I want to sigh. But when I recollect those wonderful John Bulless friends, I feel ashamed of myself and change my sigh into a smile, and whip my weak mind to go on.

CHAPTER VII

WHEN THE JOHN BULLESS LOOKS PRETTIEST AND WHEN THE JOHN BULLESS IS LIVELIEST

AS I said in the previous chapter, my most favourite subject to paint (nay, even to just look at) is the John Bullesses in rain and mists. But I become very conscious that it would be too unfair of me to throw them into rains and mists always. For they do love the sun. I have never seen anyone who appreciates the sun so much as the John Bullesses. I know several of them who are sacrificing their pockets and time for a trip to Italy every year. Their intention is nothing but to bathe themselves in the sun-ray. And how happy they look when they get a sunny summer in their own country! (Very sorry to say they cannot have it often, though.)

Perhaps the best place to see them in sunshine is the Upper Thames. There I found out the differences between John Bullesses and Japanese girls.

Japanese girls always choose the shade for their

promenade, while John Bullesses choose the sun. It seems to me the John Bullesses feel that they must expose themselves in the sun. Of course they all have sunshades, but I understand their sunshades are no more than decorations. For I often see they are keeping their sunshades on their backs while they are facing against the sun. Perhaps I had better keep silence as long as they don't get sunstroke, because they are very pretty and effective in that way. The sun in England has never been too strong. So that will do. Only if they come to my country—especially in Southern Islands—they will begin to know how to fear the sun!

The quiet and deep blue stream of Thames is very beautiful, and it looks more beautiful when it runs round the green ground with many graceful trees. But these beautiful views could not be so beautiful if the John Bullesses did not visit there. Their dresses in white, pink, and all sorts of light colours break the monotonous greens on the shore as well as in boats, and give some delightful contrast. And when the dusk comes they look still prettier. Have you ever seen the religious picture of Buddhism? Buddhas and all saints are always sitting on lotus flowers or on its leaves. The idea was to give some nice and cool feeling in such a hot country like India. If I have to paint a picture

to give a nice and cool feeling I should paint a John Bulless punting a boat on the Upper Thames. John Bullesses in boats or John Bullesses on the green are the most important element to complete the beauty of the Upper Thames.

Surely such a living paradise could not be seen in Japan. It is my nature to love those calmful and poetic views. They appeal to me far more than those enormous precipices, gorgeous turbulents, and all sorts of curious phenomena, which may be a good lesson of physical geography to study.

I always call the former "friend-seeking landscape." In such poetic view we need some human figure. I feel sure Corot had the same idea with me, for he always painted some figures in his landscapes. To me, no figures could be more suitable than John Bullesses to put in my favourite landscapes at Upper Thames, because they go on so well together with the surrounding Nature. Sometimes I try to paint and sometimes I try to compose Japanese poetry about them.

Such is the case when I look upon the John Bullesses as the third person. But if I look upon them as the second person the matter changes immensely. Perhaps the main reason is that I am a Japanese.

Whenever I see people in landscape they all look

far away. They look to me exactly the same with flowers or birds. The whole view (whatever may be in it) is in one harmony—a coloured poetry. When I am happy everybody and everything look happy, and when I am sad they all look sad. In one word, they are only my own reflection.

What a great difference was my impression when I saw the view with a John Bulless friend first time!

The English people are generally very quiet. Once I went to Shepherd's Bush with my French friend. He said to me, "Can you believe that there are some ten thousand people in this ground? Just shut your eyes, you would feel you were standing in a desert!" Yes, he was only too true. In France or in Japan they would make deafening noises. You would not blame me therefore if I say I used to look upon John Bullesses as flowers or birds, or at least a part of a landscape. But what a difference! O, what a difference when they are the second person. Very, very second person indeed. They are very lively, amusing and awfully entertaining, so that they make me forget all about the poetic "background."

This is not my grumbling or complaining. For sometimes I love to be jolly rather than to be poetic.

Once I was invited to a dinner at a Ladies' Club.

The dining-room was fulled up with pretty John Bullesses. They *could* be noisy when they felt homely ! I had to shout out my top voice at the table for the whole hour. It was as difficult to converse with my friends as in the tube train. And the trouble was that when I had to open the debate I had lost all my voice !

Surely these were warmly second persons to each other. I could hardly believe that these same John Bullesses behave themselves so cool and quiet when they are third persons to each other in the public places. I always compare John Bullesses with the safety-matches. And this is the best part of their nature. Indeed, some women in this world are like wax matches. They burn at any thing any time. John Bullesses are different. You cannot strike a safety-match on anything ; you must strike it on the proper part of the box to burn it. So with the John Bullesses. They are dead still to a mere stranger. But if one is properly introduced to them they can burn. I used to meet a John Bulless at my friend's house. I was not introduced to her for the first few occasions. And she would not even shake my hand. Only she nodded her head very coolly. But after I was introduced she became one of my greatest friends. And I found out she can be noisy and lively indeed.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BROAD-MINDED JOHN BULLESS

IN the last chapter I said the John Bullesses' dresses were very effective on the green grasses. Here I want to talk more about that, and also about the comparison between the English and the Japanese.

I always say the differences of the arts of the two countries show so clearly the differences of the national nature of the two countries. Look at the English oil-paintings (Western art, rather). The artists are always taking care on the whole effect of the picture when they are painting.

For instance, while they are painting the trees or figures they are looking at the tones of sky and ground at the same time. When they finish painting, pictures are very rough. If you go near to the pictures and look at them you don't see anything but some broad brushmarks.

Perhaps the pre-Raphaelite artists have done very fine works. Even then, comparing them with some Japanese arts, they are rough enough. But from the distance they look most perfect.

The tones of the whole pictures are in amiable euphony. They are simply delightful.

On the other hand, look at the Japanese arts. The artists are so careful how to use their brushes and how neatly to use their colours. If you see everything individually, that is to say, the trees as the trees, the figures as the figures, and so on, every object is done in the utmost care, but from the distance they are generally out of tone. At least it is not so successful as the Western art. They look more like some stained grey papers or silks. (I must say there was one great exception to this. It was the Korin school. Korin always tried to make the effect from the distance well.)

So with the women's dresses. Look at the Japanese women's kimonos. Some of them are the best quality of silk. The patterns are designed most thoughtfully with some special meaning. They are woven most carefully by hand. The sewings too are very neatly done. You can see that only when you take them into your own hand and feel them. But from the distance they look nothing but indifferent grey.

(By the way, I often see so-called Japanese kimonos in England. They are most brilliant colours with some gorgeous golden embroideries. They are made for the export. If a Japanese girl put these dresses on and walked in the street in

Japan, people would think she was an inmate of some lunatic asylum !)

The dresses of John Bullesses are absolutely reverse. It seems to me that they never care for small details as long as they look "all right" from distance. I say this from my own experience with my John Bulless friends.

Now let me write out a few of my experiences.

One day I had to go out with a John Bulless friend. I called on her house. She was just ready to put on her black frock with white linings. On one side of her frock was a bit unstitched, and it was showing slightly the white lining.

She said, "Oh, I cannot bother to stitch it. I am in a hurry." She took out a tube of lampblack and painted the white lining, and said to me, "You see, that looks all right !"

I was much amused !

The other time I visited another John Bulless friend. She was making her own dress. I said to her, "I think that left fringe is about a quarter of an inch too low !" Whereupon she replied me sharply, "O, you fidget ! Go away ! It doesn't show at all when I put it on like this !"

Once my hand was touched to the arm of a John Bulless, whereupon my hand was severely scratched by a pin. She told me it was good

WALKING IN THE STREET.

thing that it was only her arm. If I ever touch her waist two dozen pins would penetrate into my hand! Some John Bulless friend told me that was only too true, and she continued, "For we often put on half-finished dresses and pin them up."

Indeed, the John Bullesses don't care of small details, but they are very keen for the general effect. No wonder why they attracted me when I saw them on the Thames first. Nay, not only on the Thames, but at the parks, at the theatres, at the restaurants, and everywhere they are the great fascination to artists. They are broad-minded not only in their dresses, but in their daily moral, too. About this point of view I must include the American women as well (perhaps most Westerners too).

When I sold myself as a servant in San Francisco I saw the mistress of a house. The very first thing what she did to me was to give me all the keys in her house. I was rather surprised. I am sure 999 out of 1000 Japanese women would not do that. I asked the other Japanese servants in that town. They all told me the same thing. Is it not their broad mind to trust a quite stranger—nay a different nationality—whom they have never seen before?

Perhaps the Japanese wives are sweetest to think of smallest details to please their husbands, but it

is the John Bullesses who really become the practical assistance to carry out their husband's ambitions. They are like those strong stone columns which are keeping the big dome so dignified high up in the sky. For the John Bullesses have far broader minds.

It is almost general rule in Japan that men never tell about their business to their wives. All because Japanese women have much narrower mind, therefore if the men disclose all their intention to their wives the latter often discourage the former. At least the Japanese women could not be any good assistance for that purpose. Whereas the John Bullesses are quite different. They carry out their husbands' will. Indeed, they are awfully good companions for politicians, business men, and for everybody. Sometimes the wives are leading their husbands.

It is the John Bullesses who can make their home life as steady as the rocks, if they do not care about tiny things to please their husbands every minute. It is the John Bulless who makes herself as the axis of a big wheel of social life, and lets it turn round.

I think I can carry out my logic—"the broad effect of Britons and small details of Japanese" into a larger scale. I mean to compare the two whole nationalities in this logic. The other day I met

with an Englishman who had been in Japan for a few years. He said to me, "Whenever I met with an individual Japanese I admired every one of them. They were very modest, polite, and charming. Even the low-class farmers in Japan could be associated with the most refined English ladies and gentlemen. But the street scenes in Tokio were awfully shocking. On every corner of the street I saw the dreadful fighting going on. In the trains, trams, and 'buses they were struggling themselves to get the best seats. They were behaving themselves exactly like wild beasts. Now tell me if they were the same Japanese who were so amiable when I saw them individually?"

I said to him that he was a very good observer, and his question itself proves my logic satisfactorily! They are exactly like their own art. They are quite refined individually. But the whole effect of their social life is out of tone. On the public life they become quite wild beasts, as that Englishman told me. Whereupon I am a great admirer of the English life.

As individuals the English people are perhaps not so refined as the Japanese. John Bullesses and John Bulls don't care for such small details. They don't count how many times they ought to drink a cup of tea, as the Japanese do. They don't care how to bow down before their guests, as we do. Some-

times I feel they are rather rough. But how simple and sincere are the John Bullesses and John Bulls! When I make friendship with them, I can really open my whole heart and that friendship lasts for all my life. It is so easy and so comfortable for me to co-operate a lifelong business as well as friendship with them. They are always same to me. (Some dirty commercials excepted.)

And look at the public life in England! How quiet and peaceful is the street scene in London! No wonder why the Englishman was surprised after seeing the street scene in Tokio.

When one of my Japanese friends arrived here, he asked me the rate of murder cases in London. I said to him, "Not quite half-dozen a year, and even then most murder cases are among those aliens. Therefore we may safely say almost no murder cases among the Britons." He could not believe me, and he said, "In Tokio there is one murder every day in average."

And is it not the definite sign of the Briton's broad mind that all the political fugitives come to live in England when their lives are in danger in their own country? I cannot help without repeating my logic here once more—the whole effect of the English life is in beautiful and comfortable tones of civilisation, like those masterpieces by Corot or Turner!

CHAPTER IX

FAILURE OF LOVE

LIFE is one. It is only once, nobody could have it twice. Who would then intend from the beginning to ruin their own precious life? Whenever I start to paint, I always look at the white paper with many bright hopes. The great masters had the same paper with mine, so with the school children or amateurs! If I could ever carry out my work exactly as my imagination at the beginning, it would be a masterpiece. I still have hope while I am making rough pencil-drawings. But, O, my colouring! Faults after faults! It is almost unbearable to look at such hideous things! I so often tear them up! Sometimes I show my works to the public hoping they might like a little bit here and there, but certainly with much fear, for I know my faults too well. I am surprised of my own boldness. To say in short, I start my work with hopes and anxieties and finish it with repentance. I feel I am a sinner.

After all, my paper is only fourpence. I can buy the same paper again and again as I like.

Human life ought to be different. Of course there *are* some who are leading their lives as "the genuine masterpiece." I pay much respect upon them. But there are at the same time quite many who are spoiling or tearing up their lives even more carelessly than my fourpence paper. Nay, not only that, but some people are even taking advantage to ruin their neighbours' lives! Intelligent souls are not unaware of this. Some of them have been trying to rescue this world by their religion, and the others to regulate the world by their law-making. Confucius has almost failed, because his doctrine that "the good gets reward and the bad gets punishment in this world" was not *in fact.* Buddha was more successful by carrying out that Nirvana system in the future life. Perhaps Christ was the winner by "saving the souls." Most philosophers only ended their doctrines by lamentations.

And the Laws? Well, I frankly think the present laws are indeed too poor to rescue this world!

Let the Christians believe their future world. Let the Buddhists believe their Incarnations. Whatever they may be, it is too cruel to say to the unlucky people that "never mind of your present life, you shall be awarded in the next world." Where is the real civilisation then?

Some four thousand years ago there was a great King called Wu in China. Whenever he met with the criminals on the roads he would get off from his carriage and take the hands of the criminals and weep, saying, "In the days of King Gyō or Shun, the whole nation had the heart of Gyō or Shun ; but since I have become the king, everybody has the heart of everyone's self. No wonder why there are so many criminals nowadays. It gives me a great pain ! "

It was the modestness of King Wu. But to some certain degree, the ill arrangement of our social life is the direct course to make many criminals, or at least many unhappy souls who are wasting their precious lives more carelessly than my fourpenny paper. How could I be silent seeing these grievous phenomena every day ?

Once or twice I have met with some law-professors and I had discussion with them. Alas, they were not the very First Class brains. They were worshipping the present human-made laws as if they were the direct words from the Creator!

Indeed, they wanted to cut the most complicated human hearts mechanically into squares with their blunt knives.

I bade farewell in the middle of their arguments, for I had not the spare time to waste with such hopeless ones. Look at the universal maps! Such

new countries as Australia or America are divided into squares by longitude and latitude. It is very easy for the school-children to learn. But it could not be applied to the old Europe or Japan.

We have much to consider about all sorts of our conditions. So with our human hearts!

There may be innumerable cases of human troubles, but the sexual affair occupies one of the greatest parts. It creates the happiness as well as the sorrow, or it even drives one to commit crimes. Such crimes as murder, robbery, thieving, scandal, spring up mostly from the sexual question. Happy are those who sail their lives in the same direction with the favourable wind. But there are many struggling against the high wind and rough waves. I myself have not been without some experiences. Now let me write it with my psychological analysis.

During my fourteen years' stay in England once, nay twice, thrice, perhaps more, I fell into love with some John Bullesses. Unfortunately none of them could love me. It was some years ago when the last one told me it was impossible for her to love me. I wrote in my diary thus :—

"Alas, have I forgotten myself again? I was born as an artist and to love the beauties. Therefore I am permitted to walk into this flower garden. How charming are those flowers! They are

blossoming beautifully for me to try my brush, but not for me to pick up. The garden path is so narrow, and on my way one blossom was facing towards me. I have forgotten myself and tried to pick her. I was told, 'No, not for you.' O how foolish I was! I came back to my room, and looked at my paint-box and the stretched paper, and I smiled."

One day I saw a John Bulless whom I loved. She was with the winner of her heart. They were in most affectionate terms to each other.

Suddenly I felt the pain in my heart. I came back to my room and the pain was still increasing. This I could not understand. Have I such a dirty heart to get jealous? Am I more worthless than what I have been thinking? What does this mean, anyhow? It is always my sincere desire to wish the happiest life to everyone whom I love dearly. Now, seeing her delight with her own chosen companion, why could I not feel happy instead of getting this pain? However, my feeling contradicted against my reasonings. Still more was I astonished when I found out the pain in my heart did not vanish away easily. To persevere this torture was much harder for me than to be as a prisoner, nay, even "hard labour" could not be worse than this. Why should I have

such a great punishment without committing any crime ?

I turned to my favourite page of the book of Mencius :—

" When the Heaven demands one to fulfil a great duty in this world it makes his heart ache, his muscles tired, his stomach hungry, and his mind disappointed. All because these experiences make one's *heart* sympathetic enough to love the whole world and to make his *will* strong enough to carry on where others fail."

In the deep silent nights when I could not sleep I began to think many things. How many innocent souls are suffering in the same way with me just this very moment ? Could there be nothing to rescue them ?

Sympathy with disappointed love, sympathy with the failure of marriage are the principal objects of my writing this chapter. The Latin races seem to have warmer temper. They often bring out the terrible tragedies through the disappointed love affair. The Britons are (or behave themselves perhaps) quieter. I often hear them say, " Don't be so silly." Have they not hearts ? Are their hearts icebergs ?

Ah, you well-reserved John Bulls and Bullesses ! I know you are persevering all the pain admirably in silence. At least, I have personally met with

several John Bullesses who were suffering the pain like myself. (And why should you not? It is humanity!)

When we had the long dreadful civil war in Japan some four hundred years ago there were three shoguns—Hojō, Ota, and Tokugawa. Hojō was defeated. The news of his death reached to Ota's palace. Ota expressed his delight on the victory over Hojō, and ridiculed the deceased before all his subjects. But when the news reached to Tokugawa's camp he wept, because he had lost "such a splendid rival, who was one of the great heroes Japan had ever had."

All the subjects of Ota, hearing Tokugawa's sympathetic lamentation, deserted their own master and became the latter's servants.

Sympathy as well as courtesy always bring the most enjoyable peace into this world. No wonder why the Tokugawa Shogunade had such flourishing dynasty for three hundred years.

Now about the love affair. If the winner gives a little courtesy towards the defeated, what a beautiful euphony would be in our social life! We would not see so many aching hearts. Neither so many tragedies.

Some time ago I had a John Bulless friend. She had one sister and one brother. When I wanted to take my friend to theatres or to picture

galleries, I always asked her sister and brother to join us too. Someone said to me, "You are a funny man. Why don't you take your own friend alone?"

I answered him, "How could I ask her alone in front of the others of her family? My conscience does not allow me to be such a savage."

Whereupon he said to me, "How could your conscience allow you to take the others while you are in love with the one?"

As the result of this conversation I have found out the quite different standpoint of our ethics. The British ethic is that of individual, while ours is of mutual. Of course when these systems are perfect they ought to come to the same finishing point. But otherwise they both have some faults which cause the troubles in their life. The fault of the mutual ethic is that people rely upon and expect too much from each other, while the fault of the individual ethic is their dreadful selfishness. I advise the former to get more independent spirit, and I advise the latter to have more sympathy with their neighbours.

I have witnessed with my own eyes several cases of the failure of marriage in London. I know a husband and his wife. They both are well educated and very intelligent, but they hate each other dreadfully. One day I told the wife, "Look

at that wedding-ring on your finger and think of the time when you were married. That sweet memory may bring you happy life again."

"No, no, no!" she interrupted. "I cannot bear him any longer if I think of our wedding."

I had much there to study the psychology.

According to their information, they loved each other very much, and they had a romantic marriage in their very early life. Their love must have been that of selfishness. I mean, only to buy their own pleasure and nothing else.

They were growing on each of their own ways. Politically, philosophically, and religiously they took quite different ways. Now they are showing their backs to each other from such a long distance. Their romantic love died out a long time ago, and conjugal love never grew on their selfish grounds. They never had the thread called sympathy to tie up themselves together. Now there could be nothing to fill up that wide and deep ditch between them. How very hopeless! Their lives are being wasted like my spoilt pictures!

Once I committed a dreadful adventure. Now I am going to confess it.

It was about twelve years ago, when I was working at the Japanese Naval Office for nine pounds a month. I visited on my friend's house. There were three young John Bullesses. Two were very

strikingly attractive, while the other one was rather plain-looking. Those two charming girls were talking about their gay pastimes. ". . . and Jack took me to a theatre last night, and Algie is going to take me to Windsor next Sunday. . . ."

"I saw the *Belle of New York* three times with Joe. . . ."

The plain-looking John Bulless was silent and looked rather upset. I asked her if she had been in any theatre lately. She said she had no one to take her about!

I was such a sanguine boy then. I ventured myself and asked her to go to a matinée with me next Saturday. In fact, I had much fancy on one of the beautiful John Bullesses, though. The poor girl brightened her face when I looked at the two so scornfully.

The Saturday came. I took her in cab to the theatre. She started her grumbling in the cab—that I sat over her dress, that the top of the cab spoilt her hat, that I did not take her hand when she got off the cab. In the theatre—that an old man next to her was "hideous," that the girls in front of us were "awful," that the play was too dull, etc. etc. I took her home with much more difficulties.

When I bid good-bye to her I sighed deeply. I said to myself, "The John Bulls are wiser than

myself. No wonder why they don't take her out!"

Later on when I lived together with my fellow-artist Hara we often discussed about the mixed social life. I said to him, "Those beautiful and charming John Bullesses who have many admirers are always so tender and modest. They would appreciate and be thankful for trifle things which I have done to them. On the other hand, some plain-looking John Bullesses are often too stiff." And I told him all about my adventure.

Hara was very surprised at me, and exclaimed, "I never thought you would commit such a hypocrisy! Do you say 'Why?' Well, ask it to your own conscience."

Yes, I came back to my conscience then. Whenever I take out a charming John Bulless I always feel that I am not doing kindness enough whatever I may try, for she is too good for me. But when I took out that poor girl I had such a hateful hypocrisy in my heart. I was very conscious that I was doing something for her. Human feeling is just like the electricity. The neighbours always feel it directly. Even the animals understand our feelings to some certain degree. No wonder that she was so disagreeable! She must have felt uncomfortableness with my hypocrite-deed. Many thanks to Hara, I have repented with most

ashamed heart. Ever since I am earnestly praying that I can have broader and more generous heart to love everybody equally. Anyhow, it is my humble advice to all the young unmarried folks that they should not make the match with such hypocrisy. Half a day's adventure was uncomfortable enough for both of us. Then how could you pass all your long life under such circumstance?

Now let me proceed to the Divorce Law. As I always say, I hate reading books. Only the thing which I earnestly read is the divorce case in the daily papers. It is a good study of psychology and humanity. After having read those divorce cases on the papers for last fourteen years, the English divorce law seems to me just like the school-children's quarrel. Do you ask me why? The English law says wives cannot divorce their respective husbands unless they prove the husbands' misconduct as well as *cruelty*. What does "cruelty" mean? The mental torture is absolutely ignored there (a great astonishment to me indeed)! What they call "cruelty" at the court is only about the harms given bodily! The judges, councils, juries, and witnesses are discussing whether the husband kicked his wife strongly or slightly? Whether he has patted her or boxed her? Did he make her "black eyes" or not?

READING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

I see in the papers there are many brackets with "laughter" within. They seem to be highly amusing themselves.

Could it be anything else but the school-children's quarrel? I really think the mental cruelty comes long before he kicks or boxes his wife. Isn't the misconduct itself a great cruelty? Nay, even when his heart just begins to get cold toward his wife, the latter must feel a great pain in her heart if she is in love with him. Those Latin races often commit a terrible tragedy at this stage. I witnessed that when I was in Italy. The other day I discussed with a John Bulless about the differences between Italian and English women. My John Bulless friend took it quite lightly (though in outer appearance only) and said, "The English man does not caress his wife much, so we must look after our own selves," and she smiled.

Are the John Bullesses really cold-hearted? Have they no heart at all? Or has the English law made the John Bullesses so heartless? Or is such a law suitable to the John Bullesses?

Here my Japanese proverb comes in—"Dried eyes have warmer heart than wet eyes." Indeed, the John Bullesses have something high and noble besides their sweetest hearts. It is their unwritten Bushido to conceal their own sufferings all their lives through. If you asked a stranger John

Bulless about her own affair, she would only repulse your question with a smile, or a laugh, or with these words—"Don't be so silly." But no sooner than she recognised your sincere sympathy, she would disclose her sorrow with tears. About nine years ago I had a friend living in Clapham Road, near Stockwell. Whenever I found my friend out I used to have a talk with the landlady. She had a beautifully clear-cut face like marble statue, and somewhat pale, sorrow-sunken expression. One afternoon I saw her having the hair-curlers all over her head.

"So you are still more beautifying your beauty! Is it so necessary after winning a husband?"

She laughed quite naturally and said, "But you know in England the marriage does not certify one to win the husband's heart thoroughly. I must try to please my husband with all means."

On my later visits she began to disclose her troubles little by little. One day she was deeply sighing and said to me, "Love is a very silly thing. Don't you think so?"

I said, "I don't think so. It is very honourable and sacred part of the humanity."

"Well, it is so if it runs smoothly. But it is different in my case. Don't laugh at my silliness when I tell you the truth."

Thus she began to confess her life. And I learnt

that her husband would treat her very politely but absolutely with no heart. He was in love with another woman and he often came back very late in night. Notwithstanding all these facts she was still deeply in love with him. Her aching heart was the great torture to her. She freely confessed that rough treatment with warm heart was much preferable to polite treatment without heart. The imperfect law had to do nothing with her. Nobody could rescue this poor aching heart, and she had to suffer her long future. It was practically worse than any punishing sentence of the modern law. Indeed, the woman is suffering ever so much under the men-made law. I do not mean to be too hard upon the man. It is quite natural result that men would do all what the law allowed them freely. No, I cannot blame the individual man. On the contrary, I am always admiring the chivalrousness of many John Bulls. It is only the result of the poor laws and ill-arranged social life. When these are good they rescue the humans, and when these are bad they drive the innocent humans into fatal traps.

Yes, many innocent John Bulls are committing mental as well as legal crimes quite unconsciously now.

Now let me point out how to rescue these crimes. As I say in my next chapter, let the foundation base of men and women be equally

level. I often hear the Westerners ridiculing the Chinese because they make their women's feet deformally small—so that they cannot walk well without men's help. Yes, the Chinese are awful, but to my eyes, you are the same with the Chinese. Socially and psychologically the John Bulless' feet are made deformally small at present, and man gets into his own advantage to "help" and "favour" the women. If a doctor gave you a harm intentionally, then he cured you, would you call him a kind-hearted man? Why don't the men give the fair grounds for the women instead of giving "favours"? One cannot make a perfect law (however kind it may be) for the objective persons. The law-makers must be the subjective themselves. Therefore I say, "Give the free hand to the women to construct the part of the laws—especially the divorce law." That would not only rescue many unfortunate souls through the failure of marriage, but bring up the higher ethics between the two sexes all together.

Some soldier-writer who opposed against the Anglo-Japanese Alliance kindly pointed out in a leading magazine that Japan has "Yoshiwara-quarters." Yes, we have, and you have not in England. But I don't see any better results here. Whenever I pass Piccadilly or Regent Street in midnight I hear the police shouting, "Pass on, please; pass on!" Do you think would they do

any good ethically? To rescue this state of the corrupted sexual morals there is only one hope—that is to say, Ask the women to govern the women themselves.

I remember some years ago Mr. George Meredith held out the suggestion that marriages might be dissolvable at stated periods. Unfortunately I had no chance to discuss the matter with him. But I imagine that perhaps his logic was founded upon the base of the physical and hygienic differences between the two sexes. Well, about this question, I had the discussion with more than one doctor. I cannot disclose the details of our discussions to the public, but only to the medical professors. Anyhow our conclusions came to this point, that the ethic governs over the physical question very satisfactorily after all.

A few weeks ago I met with one of the notable John Bulls. He had a very strong anti-suffragette opinion. He shouted, "No, no, no. I don't want the woman to have the equality. She will lose all her sweetness!" How greatly he was mistaken! As you see, I was born in Japan, where the women used to be merely men's slaves. Whatever the husband said, she only obeyed him with "Yes, my honourable master." When I was in an American Missionary's College I began to read the English love-poetries and novels. You cannot imagine

how madly delighted I was! And why? All because John Bullesses seemed to me (in the books) not so much slaves as the Japanese women. How very sweet they sounded to me!

Any man who really appreciates the feminine gender would agree with me. I love little birds so much, therefore I cannot cage them. How nice to hear them enjoying their liberty in wood, and how very nice when they come so tamely to my own hand! But O, let them fly away if they want to do so!

Last year I took some fifty Japanese artisans from the Shepherd's Bush to the parks. They were awfully amazed to see the birds in the parks so tame to come to our shoulders and hands. Some of the Japanese exclaimed, "This is the revelation of the real civilisation."

Indeed it *is*. Even the friendship between the humans and birds ought to be like that. Then why should you try to cut off the wings of your woman and cage her? Do you call this really "sweet"?

I assure you, anti-suffragette John Bulls, that John Bullesses shall never lose their sweetness by giving them the equality, nay, they would be still sweeter, for they are modest, tender-natured!

As for myself, after all the experiences, I am perfectly happy to imagine that a pretty bird is

enjoying her merry life with or without some companion somewhere in this world, and I feel still happier when she comes to me with her own willingness. One who tries to cage a bird shall never understand this true happiness of mine.

Still I tell you once more, "Don't you waste your precious life like I do with my drawing-paper." Let us hope to have more perfect law soon. A law which will really protect the mental as well as physical suffering, instead of being one-sided, insincerely ridiculing, and dealing only with the custody of children or about properties and money. Such a law needs so much money that the poor cannot afford, and accordingly they suffer every bitterness in silence. Indeed, we badly need the law of more humanity. This is my sincere hope. Perhaps everybody's.

However, still brighter hope belongs to those who can shake off all their own selfishness. Peace and happiness shall be their own.

CHAPTER X

SUFFRAGETTES

SHALL every individual have the right to vote? We must say "yes," for it is the ideal of the constitutional country.

Then is that quite safe for the country? This is most difficult question to answer. I don't see any country in this world which is thoroughly civilised enough to say "yes."

However, the distinction between the voters and non-voters must not be made by the difference of the sexes. Now I start to write this chapter, and I am holding my pen at this very moment, but I feel I want to throw my pen down, for it seems to me the reason is too plain. Even the cats and dogs ought to know that much. If it were ten centuries ago it might have been necessary to convince the people about this question. But remember it is Twentieth Century. We are no longer primitive. We are no longer baby-humans! I thought I was happy enough to be born in this most civilised century. But the fact does not seem exactly so. I wonder, am I dreaming? If

so, I want to be awakened from my stupid dream! —a dream of ten centuries ago! What else can I say, seeing such a strange phenomena that many well-educated and most refined John Bullesses with full sense in every respect cannot vote, only because they are women. And on the other hand those Little Englanders, hardly worth to be called humans, are voting because they are men?

First of all I have something to tell the reader about that very extraordinarily primitive custom of "under-payment for women." Some seven or eight years ago I was struggling against my extreme poverty with several of my boy-school-mates. We tried to make designs for post cards, Christmas cards, or menus. Some art publishers said they did not want men-artists. My friends exclaimed, "That is just it, you see. Girls are working frightfully cheap, so we men have to be starved."

I was fortunate enough to have met with one of those lady-artists. She said to me, "Yes, it is true, we girls work awfully cheap. They won't pay us what they ought to. Don't call us more fortunate than you, because we have work. I work hard from morning until late night, but the payment is not enough to keep myself. I am now living with my mother, and I give her the money

which I get from my work as partial help. Surely the payment is not enough for me to be quite independent."

Indeed, it is both women and men suffer from this horrid custom. Only some cold heartless capitalists are making unreasonable profits!

The under-payment for women might have been practised in such a savage country where women are made as the toys of men, after the style of harem! But here in England to-day the John Bullesses are clever enough to produce excellent works, and moreover they are too serious to be men's toys. Many of them are absolutely independent spinsters. Nothing could be more injustice than the "under-payment for women." It violates the human ethic. I understand England is civilised enough to have made the law of "Prevention against the Cruelty upon Animals." It is splendid. But why not "Prevention against the Cruelty upon Women"?

It is quite true that horses, dogs, and cats in some swelled-up families are enjoying their lives more than many poor but sober John Bullesses, who are struggling for the existence of their own as well as their families. When I was in Japan some American missionary told me, "Your country is not civilised, because you look down upon your women."

I sincerely expected to see the equality of men and women in every so-called civilised country in the Western world. That is why I am surprisingly disappointed to see this dreadful result here. It is true Japan has been used to look down on the women. But she is not quite so bad as she looks to the tourists' eyes. For we have very peculiar and quaint national custom. Our hearts are sometimes fairer to women than some Westerners'. Professor Nitobe expressed this very well in a quotation in his book called *Bushido:* "American husbands kiss their wives in public and beat them in private; Japanese husbands beat theirs in public and kiss them in private."

I remember my own brother's home life quite well. He married when I was a boy. He used to take his wife and myself together to our neighbouring village. Of course, his wife had to carry some bundles and follow after him. That was our custom. But when we came to lonely field my brother always looked round very carefully, and would say to his wife, "I am so glad nobody is looking at us, give me that bundle immediately." Then he carried the heavy burden himself. And no sooner did any people appear above the horizon than he would shout to her, "Be quick, take this bundle yourself."

When we returned to our house, he always

asked his wife if she was too tired, and he never forgot to express his sympathy toward her.

Here in England, I have observed men's courtesy towards women. Men would serve everything "ladies first." They would open the door for ladies. They would take ladies' hands from carriages. I must say this is most beautiful national custom. But from the psychological point of view, are the men really respecting the women? I do suspect. My suspicion shall never clear off as long as such savage customs are existing—I mean, the under-payment or non-voting for women. Moreover, when I read the divorce cases in papers, I am always astonished that there are many men who are treating women no better than their pet animals. I confess I still cannot get off from my own national customs after fourteen years' stay in England. Very often I forget to serve "ladies first." I don't mean to serve specially men first. Only I begin from the handiest one. If a man is nearest to me, I shake his hand before ladies. And I often forget to open the door for ladies, or to pick up the handkerchief which my John Bulless friends dropped on the floor. Nay, sometimes I intentionally don't do that. For I hate to be too oily to women. At least I am too shy to flatter to women. If for this cause you call me a savage, I am contented to be called a savage.

At the Albert Hall

However, my respectness towards women (especially John Bullesses) is absolutely sincere. Their tenderness and their sympathy shall I never forget. These two words indicate the real civilisation.

I have been very interested to watch the English polling for the last few years. It was true that I learnt from the universal histories when I was a schoolboy that "England was the originator of the Parliament. The nation felt its necessity and organised it, while many other countries have only copied it from England." It is quite natural and certain that English pollings are "playing cricket" fairest. I am earnestly desiring that Japan will do the same some day.

But even in Great Britain (the fairest "player of cricket") there are quite many people who are absolutely ignorant of the political matter. It is so in those districts where the poor labourers are dwelling—especially with the ignorant aliens! The way the candidates are trying to get votes is astonishing to my eyes. They often buy votes with a glass of beer, and sometimes by the means of telling lies! Hence I have got some disliking feeling toward the word "diplomatic." Yes, this word often intermarries (in my mind) with such words as "insincere," "cunning," or even with "humbug." I sincerely wish its marriage with "charity," "generosity," "chivalry," and "patriot."

I often wonder why some candidates are working in that way only at the time of polling, and keeping themselves absolutely silent during the rest of the time? If one really volunteers himself as a real statesman for his country, he ought kindly to guide those ignorant people. The political lecture in those poor districts is as necessary as the clergyman's Sunday sermons.

However, "vote for men only" is not the fairest "cricket." It does not keep the real equivalence of the country.

Here on my desk a pamphlet called *Why Women Should Not Vote* is lying. Some Anti-Suffragette member has kindly sent it to me. I have read it very carefully. Perhaps those big and black-typed letters are meant to be the most important parts.

"A woman takes no part in MILITARY or NAVAL SERVICE."

No, women don't. But women can often fulfil a greater duty for the country than the soldiers or sailors in war-time. Miss Florence Nightingale was a good specimen. On the other hand, there are many men who don't take that part either. Those deformed men are not able to fulfil the military or naval service, but they are voting. Worse than this is that there are some men who refuse and escape from their military or naval

services. Nay, there were many who opposed against their own country during the African War. Don't you know these most disgraceful traitors are voting ?

That pamphlet again says : "No civilised country has ever yet been ruled by women." I could not help smiling at that. What an awfully bad memory you have ! Have you already forgotten the late Queen Victoria who was most gracefully reigning till ten years ago ?

My Anti-Suffragette friends have explained me about the European histories, that women have made their countries absolutely decayed ! My knowledge on the European histories is not enough to prove my logic. But we have had the same in our Oriental histories. Perhaps the Oriental history is even better example to prove my logic. For women there were more looked down and far less educated. Consequently the result was worse. In Japan there were plenty of women who interfered with the policy and ruined the country, but China had the worse history. "Ka" Dynasty was ruined by the King's favourite called Makki ; "In" Dynasty by Dakki, and "Siu" by Hōji, and "To" Dynasty by Yokihi. These women had a great influence upon their respective kings, who were so weak and immoral. They acted with indescribable tyranny towards the nations and had

super-luxurious and most wickedly infatuated lives. Hence in Japan or China we used to call women, "Flower in Face and Dagger in Heart," "Superhuman Evil," "Incarnation of the Old Fox," "Witch," "Viper," "Scorpion." It is only too laughable! This is the most foolish comedy man ever acted in this world!

Suppose there is an everlasting spring. The wise men would make a wide canal to let the water run into the sea. This canal would be most useful for our daily life in every respect. We would have a great advantage of boats and traffic, and moreover, even the poets or artists would be attracted by its beautiful views.

On the other hand, if some one stopped its course, what would happen next? Even a tiny spring would make a disastrous flood in the end. Then how foolish is one who tries to stop a turbulent river!

I always compare women with water in every respect. Some Japanese poet-artist said, "Without water it is not a perfect landscape." Describing the scene of the surrender of Port Arthur, some Japanese military officer wrote thus: ". . . Then the Russian ladies passed before us next. O, their gracefulness, their tender manners! I had not seen any of the fair sex for over a year, and now to me they were just like the water on a dried-up land in hot summer!"

It is the woman's nature to be useful as well as beautiful in this world, just like the water. Only the world has been wrongfully treating her. In olden times the men refused to educate women and they most shamefully excluded women. Did they think the women would soak themselves into the earth and quietly disappear from this world altogether? They had too much energy, too much talent, and too much ambition to do so. Certainly those women like Makki, Dakki, Hōji, and Yokihi had even greater brain than the majority of men. Therefore they caused such disastrous flood all over the country. It was all men's fault, and fancy, there are some men even now who are calling women "vipers" or "evils"! Who knows if the women had been given the proper passage they might have done most useful and beautiful thing in the human history? I always say one who can go to the extremity of one way, can go to the extremity of the other way as well. The Bible says water ought to be either boiling or freezing, and many women have proved that. I say this with my own confidence which I have attained from my own experiences with women. Indeed it was my John Bulless friends who have encouraged me to pass through the difficulty of the last thirteen years.

Why could not the two sexes help each other? And why could not they be treated equally?

Savages are those men who think of women no more than the human-manufacturing machines! Still more barbarious are those who try to make women as their toys!

If there is a real genuine great statesman, he ought to open a wide canal to let the woman's nature flow freely into the ocean and turn the world into the graceful beauty.

Now let me write my little study about the John Bullesses. Talking generally, the John Bullesses have very charming and romantic appearance just like butterflies. They are the good subjects for novels, poetries, and pictures. But their inner side is very much *matter-of-fact*. They dearly love their life in this world, and they are very ambitious and have strong will to carry it out. Men often give their life away and ruin themselves without any cause. Women are different. I know there are many women who have given up all their sincere and serious hope in this world and are leading very corrupted life. But if you investigate the cause, you will see nine of ten are in very pitiful condition. At the very beginning of their life they had a bright ambition to have a happy home. Only their husbands become very lazy, they give up their sincere life, they get tired of their wives without any cause (except their changeable nature), and they begin to treat their wives very cruelly. The wives

prepare a nice dinner to welcome their husbands home in the evening. The husbands often don't turn up. They may be flirting with other women. For this, the present man-made law is too poor to do anything.

The Valley-wind blows repeatedly.
It brings out the cloud,
And lo! the rain next!
Why should you be so angry with me?
Remember we loved each other,
And we have worked together.
Do not throw away a plant
Because you cannot eat its root,
Its leaf may give you a delicious dish.
Why have you rebelled against my devotion?
You know my desire to live and die together.

River Kei looks muddy where it meets with River Wee,
Yet remember, it has a graceful stream above.
Now you are delighted with your new love,
Now you look upon me as a poison.
Woman, you dare not go to the fish-trap I made,
You dare not open the saving box I prepared.
O, I myself am allowed to stay no longer,
Then how could I think of my dear home I leave behind?
(SHIKYO, the Ancient Chinese Odes.)

Thus, very serious and sincere women are often thrown away by the humbugs. The law helps them very little. When they come to this extremity they often ruin their own lives. I personally met with this sort of John Bulless several times. They would sneer at the world. But no sooner

than any sincere sympathy touched their hearts, they would immediately come back to their own beautiful conscience with tears.

I always say the John Bullesses are the insurance company for men. The wise people always insure everything, and they think it is not wasting money at all. Very well then. Look at how the John Bullesses are working. Sometimes people complain the women's work is rather too slow. But I must say they are not wasting time ; it is the "Insurance System."

Go to the post office to register your letter. Men clerks will write only the initials of the addressee and the name of town. Whereupon the women clerks always write down full name and full address. The men clerks will take telegram forms without reading, and they often wire them with misspelling words. But the women clerks will not let the sender go away before they read the form through. I think it is the instinct of the universal feminine gender (not only human).

In my mountainous village the hunters always keep feminine dogs. They say masculine dogs are no good for hunting because they give up their hope too soon, whereupon the feminine dogs would continue their searching until they found out the game.

If man and woman go out to a field and see

a ditch, man would jump over without measuring its width, and very often he jumps into the water. Woman never does that. She always walks all round to reach to the other side.

One day I visited upon a John Bulless friend. She was quite alone and she was preparing a table for her tea. I asked her if she was expecting a visitor. She said, "No."

I said, "Then why are you making the table so properly? If I were alone, I would go to the kitchen and take tea standing."

She laughed. "You *are* a bachelor! We women could not be such wild animals." I was much ashamed of myself.

Once upon a time there was a great mathematist in Japan. The Shogun wanted to taste this mathematist's knowledge, and summoned him to the palace. The mathematist approached to the Shogun and bowed down. Every subject watched him breathlessly, because they thought the Shogun might give him an awfully difficult question.

The Shogun said, "Divide 10 by 2!"

The mathematist begged Shogun to lend him a Soro-ban (calculating instrument), and said, "Here I put 2—and here 10 . . . 5 times 2 is 10. Therefore the answer is 5."

The Shogun admired him very much and said, "You are the real professional mathematist, to

give me the full theory for such an easy question. One who is so careful for a small matter may become a great statesman." The Shogun gave him an important commission and indeed all the political career in his life was wonderful.

I believe many John Bullesses would be same with that mathematist.

It was February 19th, 1910, Miss Christabel Pankhurst was made as the guest of honour at the Vagabond dinner. I was there with some of my John Bulless friends. One of them whispered to me, "Look at the guest's chair. Miss Pankhurst is there."

I turned my head in that direction. The chair for the guest was not very far away. But so many charming John Bullesses were around me, and the focus of my eyes could not be set to the guest. My friend was rather indignant.

The dinner was over and Miss Pankhurst started her speech. The first few words of hers I could not catch. In fact I was not quite attentive to her. But her fluency caught my ears, and made my head turn to her unconsciously. Every word came out from her sincere heart. I felt as if she was talking personally to myself alone. I quite forgot there were many people around me. I suppose every one of them felt in the same way. I shall not repeat her speech here, for the public know

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her opinion quite well. I sincerely felt from the bottom of my heart that it is a great shame that such a splendid compatriot has no vote while many ignorant Little Englanders have!

Once more I felt as if I were dreaming.

Now I want to write freely my own opinion about the "militant suffragettes." Whenever I saw in the papers the grave news of the battles at Westminster and Whitehall half a dozen wrinkles were grown on my brow! We humans have the brains to demonstrate, and the hearts to sympathise each other. But there at Westminster or Whitehall brains and hearts both are ignored, and they fight with their physical strength. Nothing could be more brutal! I don't know which is to be blamed. The militant suffragettes are naughty enough, but the Government is so unsympathetic to keep silence. One who has real sympathy could not be silent even to his dogs. I am sure the Britannia must be weeping over this matter. At least I do, though I am only a foreigner.

As I said in the first part of this chapter, some great women used to take the advantage of men's weak point to ruin the country in those days when the women absolutely were oppressed by the men. It was their insincere revenge. It was the fateful flood, caused by stopping the river! To-day the suffragette women are far more sincere. They

want to go on parallel with men and work together with men and help the men. They are sincere enough to take the straight way to the front gate, instead of taking a willy-nilly way to a back door where men have no resisting power. The men ought to be very grateful and welcome them politely.

Have you ever seen the orchards or grain fields? When the season comes the farmers ought to have harvest there. They shall be benefited by the abundant crops. But if a foolish farmer neglects his harvest, the fruits are decayed, the grains fall on the ground. Everything is entirely ruined.

To-day the John Bullesses are quite ripe. The Westminster scene is the result of the negligence of reaping harvest.

One day I was invited by some militant suffragettes. To tell the truth I was a little bit nervous. If they could box the policeman they could easily throw me on the air! My anticipation was entirely wrong. They were most charming John Bullesses. They were as sweet as the sweetest women could be. I was much relieved then!

Some one told me it was rather dangerous to give vote to the lower-class women. My opinion is reverse. In those classes, women are safer than men. I have had more than ten years' life among

those people in London. The men of this class are comparatively honest and good-natured, but hopelessly ignorant. If something happens, they always say, "I shall ask to my Missus," and their Missuses are managing everything. The editors or my artist friends used to visit upon me at my poor lodging-houses in various places. When I was out the landlords could not take any message from my visitors. They would forget even the visitors' names. Whereupon the landladies were far more useful. They would fulfil everything most satisfactorily! The women of this class pick up everything much quicker.

I think the reason is very simple. Men have to work hard exposing themselves on hot sun or pouring rain all day. They use all their physical strength, but very little brain, while the women remain in their houses and regulate domestic affairs with their brains. That is why. And certainly one who uses the brain is more suitable to concern herself about the political affairs than one who uses only his physical strength. If they see on the papers that the Government is intending to carry out some plan, the men of that class always ask, "Is it profitable to my pocket?" Whereupon women ask, "Is it good for our country?"

Indeed, women are more patriotic, which I appreciate very much, because I am a Japanese.

Perhaps most dangerous voters are the nationalised immigrants. Most of them don't care twopence for England. They think only their own pockets, and if England is ruined they would only go away. That is all. But among these sorts of people women are more sincere. The women always love and make home in any place where they are going to live. They are to marry, and they make their husbands' houses as their home. If they marry with foreigners, they will make the country of their respective husbands as their own home country. The adopted life is the instinct of women all over the world. I know one Japanese woman who married an Englishman. She really feels England is only the country she ought to love. I am very proud of her. I know several other women in the same spirit. When I was in New Cross I made friendship with a few John Bullesses and alien women. An Irish soldier used to visit on them. It just happened that the African War was broken, and that Irish soldier was to be sent to the front. He was trembling. Some girls were trying to encourage him, while the others were indignant of his cowardness.

Again, in Kensal Rise an English soldier was summoned to the front. He had a pretty young *fiancée*. This girl and her mother both encouraged him. I heard the girl saying to him, "Remember

you are the soldier of our beloved Queen Victoria!" I wrote a long letter to my home at that time praising these patriotic John Bullesses. They are the backbone of the country.

To keep the balance of the nation's will, or to say more accurately, to bring out the constitutional system quite fairly, we ought to ask the women to vote, even if they may try to withdraw themselves.

And the real patriotic candidate shall find out more interesting task and more satisfactory results upon their task for polling. For the women will ask them the reason of their political opinion, whereas the men often ask them a glass of beer.

I want to say a few words more before I conclude this chapter. I know there are many beautiful and charming John Bullesses. Their nature is very gentle, tender, and modest. They are lucky enough to have found kind husbands. They are enjoying their life being petted by their husbands. They want no more than to rely upon their husbands. I have many friends among this sort of John Bulless. I am very fond of them. One of them told me she wouldn't care to vote.

I sincerely tell you, just to think. Your husband has only one ticket to vote now. But if you can vote, that means two votes from your family, and it will strengthen your husband's will twice over. I am sure you would be willing to assist

your beloved husband in that way. Moreover I call your careful consideration that there are many John Bullesses less lucky (if you think so) than yourselves. I mean you have many spinster sisters who have to pay a heavy taxation from their "under-payment." And still worse case is the failure of marriage. These John Bullesses are often suffering from the man-made law. I heard one of them say, "We women don't want to be the judge or any kind of officer." Why should you have to be an officer only because you have the right to vote? Rest assured! If you turn your head aside and hide your charmingly sweet face with your big-plumed hat, nobody will pull you up to the officer's seat.

CHAPTER XI

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE W.S.P.U.

JUST the time when I was writing the Suffragette chapter for the *English Review*, one of the staff of the same magazine made an arrangement for me to inspect the W.S.P.U. in order to make some sketches there. It was fixed on a Thursday morning 10.30 a.m. He and I called on No. 4 Clement's Inn quite punctually. I saw a motor-car at the gate. It had a flag of their own colour—mauve, white, and green. A John Bulless chauffeur was busy to screw that front handle. Twice or thrice, then the machine began to breathe! Now ready to go. She jumped on the car and got hold of the steering-wheel. "Just a moment, please. May I sketch you?"

"Certainly," she replied, with a smile.

She was in a thick motoring-coat and a roofed cap and in long boots. Did she look rather comical? No, on the contrary, she looked very well becoming. I wondered why. I looked at

her again and again (how lucky to be an artist. He can have the privilege to stare at ladies!) I found the reason. That is to say, because she was comfortably contented in that costume.

The steps of the building are many, and it took some time to reach to the office, and while I was climbing upstairs slowly my head was quite occupied to think about the dresses.

Now let me write what has come to my mind just at this time.

When the old women try to dress up themselves to look younger they look even older than their real age. When the small women try to dress up themselves to look taller they look more dwarf than they really are. See how those unproportionally high-heel shoes make a small woman look deformally small! I have often noticed some maid-servants look quite nice in their daily uniform of black and white. But how very disappointing it is when they try to dress themselves as "lydies." I always think the dresses for women are just like the religion to human souls. You must worship your god from your sincere faith. You cannot imitate your neighbour's religion. So with the dresses. However extravagant and expensive may be your dresses, if you are not comfortably at home in them you cannot expect to look nice. On the other hand, if

you have your soul and heart well in them, you look quite well; even if your dresses are most extraordinary.

My head was so busy to think the philosophy upon the dresses, I was quite absent-minded until I entered into the office with my friend. Miss Christabel Pankhurst came out and said, "Now I shall show you all our rooms." I was awaken at last.

"You see, everything is done by women here!" So she said. Well, so they were! I was much amused with the large telegraph exchanging-box at the entrance. Two very young John Bullesses were fully engaged in it. We passed through I forget how many rooms. Everywhere I found several John Bullesses were writing, typing, or collecting press cuttings. I saw the notices "Please keep silence in this room" in several rooms. When they said something to me in these rooms I only nodded my head instead of answering "yes."

Perhaps I was most fascinated in the map-room. There was a very large map of the Great Britain hanged on a board. A few John Bullesses were pinning their colours where I suppose they have successfully invaded. How very interesting! I am very fond of maps since I was a little baby, and I never get tired of looking at maps, and I

make all sorts of imaginations upon them—how all the towns and villages are situated, how the railways are laid, how the rivers are running between mountains and fields, and how to travel all around!

If I were a girl I would ask Miss Pankhurst to give me that job, and I am sure I would be quite happy with my daily work.

We were taken to another room quite different from others. Several John Bullesses were designing and sewing many banners. Here they posed for me and showed me how to carry the banners. I sketched one of the most artistic designs. Miss Dunlop came to me and said, "Oh, I am very proud of that, because I myself have designed it." Then she told me all about her prison life—especially about that awful feeding process.

Next room I was shown was the editorial room of *Votes for Women*, where I met with Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. She had a pen in her hand. She seemed extremely busy, but she was kind enough to greet me, and we had a very pleasant chat for several minutes.

They showed us their treasurer's room next to the editorial room. I saw a large desk covered with cheques and coins. Miss Pankhurst smiled and said, "This is our most important room." And so it was. I quite agreed with her.

Once I used to have very poor opinion about the money matter. For I was brought up in that way. My parents would not allow me to know about money matter in my childhood life. When I came to London I visited a Japanese merchant who married a John Bulless. He had a four-year-old child. This child, picking up a sea-shell which was an ornament in the drawing-room, said, "I wouldn't sell this under three pounds." His John Bulless grandmother was very proud. "Listen this dear child! He is only four years, but already has a business idea!"

I was very amazed the way, so different from my early home life. Again, when I was in Rome there was an American girl tourist in the same hotel. On the table some one asked her if she could speak any other language than her own. Whereupon a pretty young American replied, "Well, you know, we have only one language in America, but we have all the money in this world."

Frankly I was awfully shocked at her. I could not go so far in favour of money. For I feel there are many other important things besides money in this world.

But lately I have begun to feel that money is quite necessary to carry out all the other important things—especially our own liberty. Indeed, I have

become very conscious that I am losing my own liberty through my poverty. The publishers often reproduce my works in awfully cheap process. My original pictures are bad enough, but the public will see them in the condition of three times worse. I lamented about my poverty. Only if I had money enough for my daily life I would not allow them to publish in that way, and my works should not be misrepresented before the public.

Now, seeing my suffragette friends are well off, I heartily congratulate them, for it will carry their liberty through all the difficulties they are so unnecessarily meeting.

Now, being in their treasury-room I could not help without recollecting the memory of their grand meeting at Albert Hall which took place only three or four days previously.

A press ticket was given to me for that meeting and I went there punctually at eight o'clock. The whole hall was already quite packed up. Those stewards in white dresses with their coloured ribbons were very effective. I say sensibly effective, for they had done wonderfully organised works. I saw the names of all provincial towns on balcony. I understood some representatives from all over Great Britain were present there.

Mrs. Pankhurst took the chair as usual, and the speakers were Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, and Miss Goldstein from Australia. Every speaker was received with applause like thunderstorms. Perhaps I understood the speeches better than anywhere else. The reason was they spoke each word so distinctly and so slowly in order to let it be heard in every corner. (I fear my English is incorrect, for the hall was oval-circle shape and there was practically no corner !)

And I found out a peculiar phenomenon of echoes. I was very near to the speakers and I heard the distinct echoes of every word from the opposite direction only a few seconds later. That was such a good confirmation to my uncertain knowledge of the English language. Then the suffragette march conducted by Dr. Ethel Smyth as their determination. Then the collection was started. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence said, "I expect thousands of cheques and notes will be poured upon us." To confess the truth, I doubted her. "What a bluff she is talking about !" That was what I said to myself. (I hope Mrs. Lawrence will forgive me for giving my truthful confession here, for I was absolutely ignorant about the fact.) My anticipation, however, was crushed down in next few seconds. She was to read out cheques loudly. So far as I remember there were two or

three of £1000 cheques, and quite many of £200 or £100! The sum was nearly reached to their promised £100,000. (I have forgotten the accurate sum.)

First of all, I was much struck by the earnest zeal of those suffragette John Bullesses. I should not be so surprised if this happened among some other excitable nations. But I know quite well that John Bullesses have cooler temper, and are very thoughtful too.

Such a great contribution could not be gathered from well-reserved John Bullesses unless they had very strong decision, and not at all for the momental excitement. This fact alone proved their future victory. No wonder why Miss Christabel Pankhurst always says, "We have something on our back," whenever she makes the speech of "Resolution."

Now at the treasurer's room I have witnessed their "strong back" with my own eyes.

Miss Pankhurst showed us a small room before she said us "Good-bye." She told us that was the only room they had when they started their movement a few years ago.

I wondered how quickly they have been expanded! If you look at the size of the steam cylinder you can well imagine the size of the boat. To-day the suffragette boat is a "Dreadnought."

At Clementi's

She may still meet some tempest, but she is having bon voyage.

Let me wish their destination will be quite nigh !

CHAPTER XII

MRS. FAWCETT

ON May 19th, at eight o'clock, a banquet was given at Connaught Rooms in honour of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Dublin. For the Lord Mayor of Dublin had brought the petition for "Votes for Women" to the House of Commons on the same day. An invitation ticket was kindly given to me for that memoriable occasion. I arrived there a little before the time mentioned on the card. The large magnificent hall and tables were decorated with flags and flowers, all in their three colours—green, white, and purple. Many celebrated and charming John Bullesses were already present. The whole room was full of gay yet very sincere atmosphere.

I had many very interesting conversations with interesting John Bullesses. A young John Bulless came to me, and our discussion was about whether there were some Japanese women in London who would walk in the forthcoming great procession. Suddenly she broke in and said, "By the way, I

have met with a young Chinese student the other day." And she told me the extraordinary story about him. He told the young John Bulless that he liked everything English except one thing, which he did not wish to have in his own country by all means. She asked him what it was. He said that was the suffragette. Whereupon the young John Bulless said to him, "Do you know to whom you are talking? I am an ardent suffragette." The Celestial guest was very surprised just for a few seconds, then he entirely changed his tones. He said the suffragettes were most wonderful, and he admired their movement very much, that when he goes back he will tell about the suffragettes to all his countrywomen.

I asked the young John Bulless if she believed what that Chinese said. She smiled and shook her head negatively.

The dinner-time came. All the people were going into the dining-room. I kept myself as the very last one to enter into. There were a few empty seats at the end of the table. I sat myself down on one of those empty seats and started my soup.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence so kindly sent a gentleman with a message, "Come nearer to us." She gave me a seat next to Miss Goldstein. There I had a chance to talk with the heroine

from Australia, where women have secured the vote.

Among many brilliant speakers after the dinner, I was most impressed by Mrs. Fawcett!

Mrs. Fawcett! I must tell the readers my old story. Just the time when I lost my mother, at my eleven years age, I was almost broken-hearted. Some doctors gave their opinions freely that I might not live long. However, my father got a happy, bright idea. He said to me if I do something in this world that would please my mother's spirit most. Prompted with that bright idea, I began to study hard. I gave up all childish plays and devoted my time for reading. At the same time, many English scientific books were translated in Japanese. Mrs. Fawcett's *Elementary Political Economy* was one of them. My father too studied it with me as an old scholar. For perhaps that was the very first book of Political Economy in Japan. My elder brother bought it and read first, and then he persuaded us to read. My father said, "What? The book of Economy? How troublesome! It must be all about figures!" We were absolutely ignorant for anything about Political Economy. However, when we read it, we were delighted with her very philosophical point of view. My father used to call that book, "very wonderful woman's book." And we were very

touched with the introduction chapter by the translator. It said that that book was translated first as the step for the book by Fawcett, which was too difficult for the beginner. Then there was a rough sketch of Mr. Fawcett's life. My father and I were much impressed with that pathetic story of how he lost his sight and what he said to his father then.

And there was a frontispiece with the portraiture of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett. The translator apologised, for he could not reproduce the picture well enough to show how graceful and how dignified Mrs. Fawcett was! And he gave a story that Mrs. Fawcett went to the gallery of the Parliament whenever her husband was present, and one day some one who saw her there exclaimed, "How pity Mr. Fawcett cannot see his own wife, who is one of the most graceful and beautiful women in their country!"

I have still quite vivid memory of her book, as well as all sorts of my boyish imaginations which I made upon her, though it has elapsed more than twenty years since then. When I read I never thought the authoress was living. I looked upon her as one of the great persons on the past history, just as you look upon Jean d'Arc or Lady Hamilton, etc. Therefore the readers may easily imagine how delighted I was to see her in my life! I felt

something like a dream. She did not look as old as I was thinking, but she seemed very healthy and energetic enough to take the important part of the movement for the women's suffrage. I did wish just to shake her hand and exchange a few words. But she was thickly surrounded by the people who were as eager as myself to meet her. So I thought I ought not to trouble her for the account of my little self. I nodded my head for her from the distance with my sincere Banzai for the "very wonderful woman" (in my father's terms).

The readers may get tired of me for repeating the story of my childhood's life again and again whenever something makes me recall my memories. But I was so much attached to my parents. And if I see anything which brings my memory of them, I feel my old sweet life has come back to me and I get quite unconsciously very sentimental. For this reason I ask the readers to forgive me.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SUFFRAGETTE PROCESSION OF JUNE, 1911

ONE of the nicest and most successful things the suffrage John Bullesses have ever done was their picturesque and poetic procession on the 17th of June, 1911.

I was informed about this occasion several months beforehand, but, as usual, I had never prepared myself where and how to see it until one day before the date. Then the W.S.P.U. sent me a letter saying a certain gentleman was willing to offer one window of his office at Northumberland Buildings to any one who was anxious to see the procession. Did I care to go there? I was delighted to accept this offer.

When I arrived at Charing Cross Station it was only 3.30 p.m., that is to say, one hour before the time. But outside of the station was already thickly crowded, and many young John Bullesses in their suffragette colours were busily running to and fro. It was not easy task for me to make

a crack in the mass of crowds with my shoulder so that I could pass through.

The window of the question was on—I forget which—five or six stories high. There I could see the whole view. Two members of W.S.P.U. came to see the procession too. It was quite amusing to see the square being crowded more and more every minute.

The boys began to ride on the back of the Nelson lions and some to climb up the street lamps. I have never seen the crowd from such a height! Nothing but hats and hats, which were waving like the oatfields on a breezy day.

I came back to my own conscience and said to myself, "How cruel of me it was to amuse myself with this sight." For I recollected my own experience when C.I.V. came back from Africa. I was among those human waves at Marble Arch. My feet did not touch to the ground again and again. I was compressed amid the air, and I thought my rib-bones or my arms might be broken every minute.

Suddenly I heard a band playing the Marseillaise March just underneath our window. I saw the procession was coming.

The constables were at their hard task to make a way for the procession. Those two John Bull-

esses both sides of me seemed awfully excited. (Quite natural thing too !)

"There, that is Mrs. Lawrence ! That is Mrs. Pankhurst ! Where is Christabel ? Where is Christabel ? There she is ! "

Only a minute or two later the head of the procession was proceeding far towards Haymarket. They gave me some deep impression which I cannot express with words. Whole crowds of the spectators seemed to me only one dark mass or pattern (though I knew each of them might be quite important individuals), and there those most dignified white souls were marching on !

There was a tableau cart of "The Empire." There were all sorts of historical pageants, the representatives of the universities, school teachers, and all trades. And then many notable John Bullesses in their carriages. How very gracefully all those little colours were fluttering when they met the breeze. By the way, I very much regret that I could not see either their faces or the designs of those innumerous banners, which I was told were most artistic things. For through that window I could see only their backs. It lasted until 7.30 p.m., or for three hours' duration !

Was I tired to watch them all ? Never ! Nay. I was fascinated by every one of them. Each of them looked as fresh and interested as the first one.

I feel sure most every spectator felt same with me. For I overheard some rather anti-suffragette John Bullesses were saying, "They were wonderful!"

Why was that so? I have seen other kind of pageants very often—such as the Lord Mayor's Show, or many historical ones. In these cases the performers generally have no fixed mind. Some of them are joking, while others are in quite absent-mind, or they want only to show their beautiful costumes or their clever make-up. What I mean is that each one has each soul, or perhaps no soul at all.

The suffragette procession was entirely in different nature. There were some forty thousand women, but they had only one spirit—that was the faith in "Votes for Women." This one very strong spirit made their feet to march on. And this spirit made their hands to hold their banners.

Hark what some very delicate John Bulless said to me: "I never thought I could walk such a long distance. But when I arrived at Albert Hall I did not feel tired at all."

No wonder why we, the spectators, have received some unusually strong impression from them!

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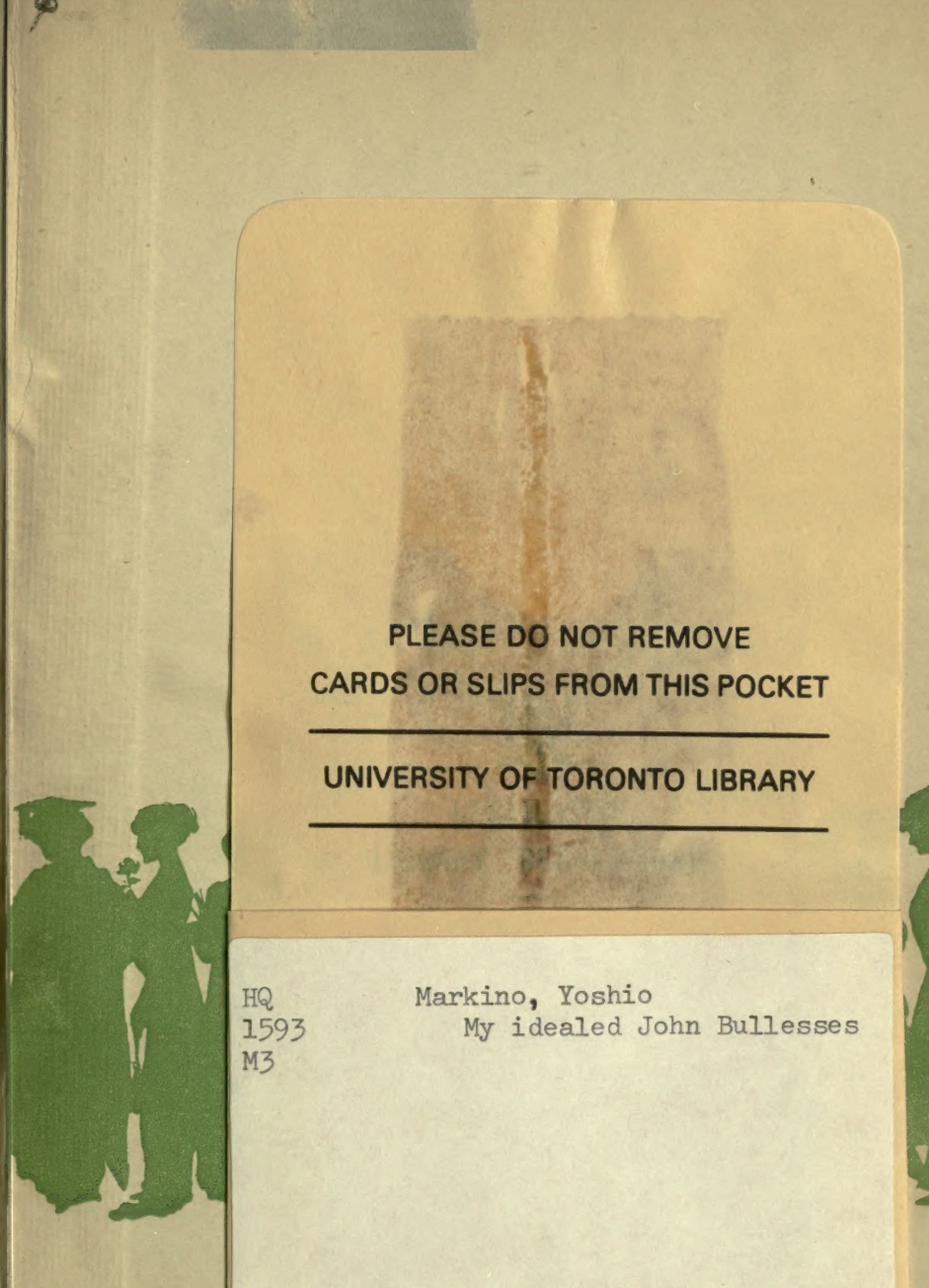

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